

THE WAR CRY



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SALVATION REVOLUTION

ON

Up from the Gutter to
HEALTH,
HAPPINESS and
HEAVEN.

The Army will Help a Starving Man
Without Pauperizing him.

THE SOCIAL SECRETARY.

How They Picked up a Broken-
Down Minister.

THE accompanying cut is a picture of Major T. H. Collier, the Social Secretary; or the man who represents the social work at Headquarters. He has the oversight of all the social operations throughout Canada. You say, "What do you mean by 'social operations'?" Well, I mean our Poor Men's Shelters, our Farm Colony, etc. There the poor, down-trodden outcasts of society are gathered in and sheltered, and told of Jesus, the true Sin-bearer—the slave-liberator! Where a man gets a chance to be himself again, and rises up after he has fallen and been trampled upon by the pushing, jostling crowd, seeking only for self and worldly fame. This is where, if he cannot rise himself, having fallen so often, he is PICKED UP.

NOW, AS I said before, this is the work over which this man has the oversight. What do you think of his work?

I remember when he came to God a bad, cranky sinner, and of course got saved, for God has never yet refused an anxious seeker. Then he gave up his life's prospects and his all to God, for he saw the need of workers in the vineyard, and he decided to be a humble Salvation Army officer.

THE MINISTER of a certain denomination said to his father, "I am sorry, Mr. Collier, to see your son going into this work. It would have been much better had he offered himself to the Church, where he could have something."

PERMANENT AND TANGIBLE."

Ask the Social Secretary to-day if he thinks he has something permanent, and see what he will say to you! Look at him and see if you think his health is gone, as so many prophesied those eleven years ago, then draw your own conclusions.

YOU ASK, DO any of these poor fellows go to these social institutions? Yes, sir! During 1895 there were supplied to this class of men at the Wilson Avenue Shelter, Toronto, 24,367 beds, most of which were in 78 such.

YOU SAY, but are any of these ever restored to their former position? Yes! There is Percy W., a clever young man, who came to Canada to seek his fortune, but



MAJOR COLLIER, Social Secretary for Canada, Newfoundland and North-West America.

through drink, brought on by fast company, he went entirely to the dogs. He landed at the Toronto Shelter a little over a year ago; was sent to the Farm Colony; from that back to the Shelter as a trusted employee; then transferred to the London Shelter. To-day he is a recruit at — Corps, Chicago.

THEN THERE IS Jas. S., a Scotchman, who came to Canada to better his fortune, leaving a happy wife and two small children behind him, whom he expected to be able to bring out in a short time. Failing to

do this, he became discouraged and took to drink as he had never before done, and went fast down the great slide of sin. In this condition he sought, as a last resource, shelter in the Wilton Avenue Shelter, and worked in the wood-yard to pay his way. He was shortly transferred to the Farm Colony. While there, he gave God his heart, and has since been restored to his grateful wife in Dundee.

STANLEY H., a boy of 16 years, wanted to see the world, and left a kind-hearted widowed mother in England and came to Canada. But

Stanley soon found the wide world a cold place. He, too, through our "Social," has been restored to his mother in the old land.

I COULD NOT pass over the case of J. F. G., a man born of wealthy parents, educated, cultured and refined. He was educated for the ministry, and preached his trial sermon before

THE LATE MORLEY PUNSHON.
But even this man, in an evil hour, allowed the world to overcome him,

and down he went beneath a wave of blasted hopes and pernicious. He came a year ago to the Shelter, and was sent to the Colony, where he proved himself to be trustworthy. He has for some months past been employed in the most trustworthy position next to the officers' at the Wilton avenue Shelter.

HE ALONE is a proof of what our social operations are accomplishing. Many other men have found new ways of living, and socially have picked up wonderfully through the influences cast about them.

H. W. C.

The J.S. Advance

Ensign Attwell, our old editorial comrade, returned from his first J. S. tour, looking all the better for the deep, long breaths of pure Ontario air he has inhaled. He spent four or five days in each place visited, explained the Company system, and organized or inspected, as the needs of the work demanded.



ENSIGN ATTWELL,
J.S. Assistant of the Central Ontario Province.

He speaks hopefully of the J. S. future. Of course, there are many difficulties; one of the greatest resulting from the fact that J. S. work that was in existence has, in some cases, been let fall through.

Officers and soldiers are, however, very kindly disposed towards the children's work, and in some cases say, "It is just the thing wanted." The Company Lessons in the War Cry are much appreciated.

Over 50 places will be visited by Ensign Attwell before he completes his first itinerary. The tour he has just started on will last six weeks. He expects to visit all the very distant corps before the Commandant leaves.

C.



How they welcomed the General in Ind's

Oh, God, may all things work together for good to me! If it takes affliction, tribulation, persecution to bring me to Thee for greatest spiritual power—for the perfect preparation of my character to reign with Christ—welcome it, Lord! Send me what is best.



"EVEN CHRIST PLEASED NOT
HIMSELF."
(MY MOTTO.)



HELPS FOR J.S. SERVANTS
BEING

Notes on the Manual Lesson
for April 5th, 1890.

BY STAFF-CAPT. H. G. STACEY

Matt. ii, 12-21.

Golden Text.—"Be thou there when I bring thee word," verse 14.

Verse 12. "And being warned of a dream," etc.

The wise men had just rendered the homage due to Jesus as King, and had presented to Him the most precious and costly gifts they had. They prepared to return to their own country, where God interposes, and show them which way to take, so that in designs of the crafty, crafty men might be defeated.

LESSON.—First, the wise men presented themselves to Jesus, then the gifts. This is the kind of service required from us. Isaiah ix, 6, fails him.

APPLICATION.—To give ourselves to God is but a reasonable work (Romans viii, 1.) Do it now, without reserve.

Verse 13. "And when they were parted," etc.

Note the danger Jesus was in, the command of God, and the reasons given to Joseph why he was to flee to Egypt.

LESSON.—The more nearly we are connected to Christ, the more His protection and direction we shall expect, and the more readily and surely will God be obeyed.

APPLICATION.—The trial of our faith in times of difficulty and darkness will enable us to prove God's power, and will reveal to us His faithfulness. Not one word of His promises shall fail. (L Kings, vi, 36.) He is faithful that promises (Hebrews x, 23; and xi, 11.)

Verse 14. "When he arose," etc. He obeyed promptly. The realization of God's will is accepted with questioning. He had implicit confidence in God, and God directed what to do.

LESSON.—If we would enjoy the blessings of God in all their fulness we must yield a ready and cheerful obedience to His will. Abraham obtained God's richest blessings thereby. (Genesis xxii, 17-18.) He lost his kingdom through disobedience (L Samuel, xv, 22-30.)

APPLICATION.—Do not try to hide God by sacrifice, and at the same time disobey His command. God can accept sacrifice when joined to what is done.

Verse 15. "And was there still the death of Herod," etc.

God here disappointed the wicked His enemies, and turned them no means of verifying His prediction (Numbers xxiv, 8; Hosea xi, 1.)

LESSON.—However cruel and wicked men may be, God has a special care over His own children. (Daniel viii, 12.)

APPLICATION.—The devil often over-shoots the mark, and what he is directed against God's children so often is the means of glorifying God and helping to advance His kingdom.

Verse 16. "Then Herod, who saw," etc.

Note Herod's disappointment, his wrath, his infamous order, his determination that Jesus should not escape.

LESSON.—Wicked men seek to do every form of evil to gratify their own lusts and pride. Out of this have proceeded wickedness. (Matthew xvi, 12.) Hence the need of a Savior who should change the heart and minds of sinners. (Isaiah iv, 7.)

APPLICATION.—He that is wise one judgment may fall by the hand of another.

Verses 17 and 18. "Then was it filled," etc.

This prophecy was here fulfilled a second time. (See Jeremiah xxviii, 22.) Many of those mothers desolate over Rachel, hence their weeping, being presented as Rachel's weeping.

LESSON.—The preservation of Israel from this destruction is lighted up by God's care over His children in their greatest danger. (Daniel viii, 12-14; xxvii, 43-44.)

APPLICATION.—The wise man is always made manifest in his life. Let us live our life for His sake, and we shall find it. (Matthew x, 24.)

FROM

Mrs. Booth's Office Table.

"WORDS ON PAPER are so very poor to express the feelings of one's heart," says dear MRS. MAJOR STREETON, and I agree with her. It is very difficult to express how much blessing the practical sympathy and devotion of officers of her stamp bring to us. She is one of those who have stood the fight longest and bravest on this side of the ocean, as well as the other, whether to the battle's front on the platform, or wisely ruling her household behind the scenes—joyfully serving the Lord, whether dealing with souls in a crowded prayer meeting, or calmly cutting out clothing for her four tiny ones at home. What lessons some housekeepers might learn from many of our married warrior-women, whose houses remind one of the old Dutch description where everything is so clean, that you could "eat off the boards."

I was deeply touched by the letter from ADJUTANT ROBERT, the newly-arrived French officer in Montreal. Severed from all her childhood's associations, thousands of miles from her home, her country, and her comrades, how many would think it an excellent opportunity to fret and repine, in the midst of a strange people and many difficulties! But, no, there is not a word to be heard from her but praise and thanksgiving, faith and hope. Translated, her letter reads this way: "I have come with all my heart to work for the salvation of our dear Canadians, with full assurance of victory. The Lord, Who is faithful, will never leave us alone. Our congregations are very attentive; all they need is salvation. May God breathe upon us His Holy Spirit to arouse their sleeping consciences. I am so happy to be with you to help you in this glorious war. I am with you with all my heart to help you in your sorrows and to uphold you with my prayers and my fidelity in the service of our Master. You can count upon my affection and sympathy to obey you and carry out your orders. I rejoice to tell you that my Lieutenant endorses all I say. She desires to send you many salutations. We are yours to suffer and to triumph."

What a beautiful idea there is in this verse that Ensign Galt quotes:

"If in the harvest
Some other should gather
Sheaves from the fields
Which in spring-time I've sown,
Who plowed or sowed?
Matters not to the reaper,
I'm only remembered
By WHAT I HAVE DONE."

May the Lord help us all to do work that shall stand after us. May the Lord grant us a large portion of His own blessing, that maketh rich and addith no sorrow.

MISS NEAL at Hamilton, tells me of the generous attitude of the Hamilton public towards our Rescue work. "The Ministerial Association," she says, "wrote to us the other day inviting us to lay the matter of the Home before them. We went with Mrs. Ross on Monday, and were very kindly received. After we had given them facts concerning Hamilton's need of such work, the Rev. Dr. Smith, of the Centenary Methodist church, exclaimed that there was no doubt of the need. 'And if we do not help

them,' he added, 'we had better stop singing "Rescue the Perishing."

This is an instance of the character of the work that is constantly being carried on. One of the matrons writes: "There was a beautiful case sent from the Rescue Home recently. The woman came to us about two months before, from jail. She got grandly converted, and in the meantime her husband also got thoroughly saved at the Barracks. Now they are together again. Although married five years, they only spent six months of it together, all through drink and sin. Three years of the time she passed in the Kingston penitentiary for stealing while under the influence of drink. Praise God for salvation!"

CAPTAIN ORCHARD thanks God for returning health and that He permits her to fill a place at the battle's front. "Honestly, I believe I can say," she writes, "that I have but ONE AMBITION, and that is to carry out God's purpose in my creation, and to glorify Him in all things. Lately I have had a greater longing than ever to be made MOULDABLE in His hands. Oh, that I may be more and more filled with the spirit of my Master!"

ENSIGN PUGH sends a pledge of good faith, speaking for Mrs. Pugh also: "We shall both go forward with the same spirit in the future as we have done in the past, striving to walk humbly in the sight of God, and with unwavering loyalty to the Army and its principles that we have made our own. Looking back over the past years, I can see nothing but love and kindness."

ADJUTANT MAGEE testifies: "I have complete victory in my soul! I have the assurance that my heart is clean, and that Jesus lives with me. I love my work. I have the assurance that God is going to break in upon us and give us many souls. The Lord will help me to carry out my convictions."

A sister declares: "It seems to me I am the weakest officer in the Army. I am constantly tempted to think, 'Oh, if somebody else were in my place they could do my work so much better. But I know it is God who has called me, and by His grace and strength I mean to be true.'

ENSIGN WARD commits herself to the cause in this whole-hearted fashion. "Wherever you go, I presume you by the grace of God will be loyal and true to God and the Army. I intend to do my very best for Jesus. My heart is too full, I cannot express my feelings in words, but I will leave it all with Him, and in His strength I will do my utmost, so that while I live my leaders and my God can depend on me."

Speaking of "burdens," LIEUTENANT VANCE exclaims: "Praise God, the greatest burden upon me is THE BURDEN OF SOULS. I bless Him for the love He has given me for my fellow-men. I pray, above all, that He may make me more useful in winning sinners for His Kingdom. I rejoice because I feel He leads me in the details of my life. I am glad I am not my own, and when He calls I must obey."

IN THE LOVE OF JESUS.

A Beautiful Song by the Commandant and Major Slater.

mf Allegretto.

Key B-flat.

1. I have rich - es, trea - sures rare, In the love of Je - sus, If you're will-ing
CHO. I am hap - py, glad, and free, Thro' the Blood of Je - sus, All my plea-sure
you may share. In the love of Je - sus; I was wretched, poor, and blind,
comes to me, From the love of Je - sus; Soon you'll see where I shall be,

With-out peace and per - son, Bound and fet-ter'd; but how kind! Je - sus all has brok - en;
By the love of Je - sus, Skin - ing on tho' Cry - tal Sea, In the love of Je - sus.

2. I've His promise, truly grand,
Oh, what love has Jesus! With the ransomed I shall stand.
By the love of Jesus.
In the City bright and fair,
Free from sin and sadness;
After battle, rest is there,
Never ending gladness.

3 Of my treasures shall I tell
In the love of Jesus? Peace and pardon, joy as well
Brings the love of Jesus.
Grace when tempted, light to guide.
Comfort on paths dreary,
And I've many things beside—
Great has been God's mercy.

Repeat for Chorus.

Verses 19 and 20. "But when Herod was dead," etc.

The death of Herod took place soon after the massacre of the infants. He was struck down with a horrible disease. Longing to die, yet afraid of the judgment—conscience-smitten and a terror to himself. Herod is dead, but Jesus lives.

LESSON.—The wicked may prosper for a season (Ezekiel xxxvi, 35), but the judgments of God are sure. (Ecclesiastes xi, 9, and xii, 14; Hebrews ix, 27.) The judgments of God are right. (II. Timothy iv, 8.)

APPLICATION.—Show how death loves all men. Kings and paupers are as one in God's sight. God looks at the heart. The sinner who dies in his sins will receive his reward.

Verse 21. "And he arose," etc.

When Joseph was ordered to return to the land of Israel he was just as prompt in obeying God as he had been when ordered to flee into the land of Egypt.

LESSON.—God's children are willing to follow whithersoever he shall lead them. The moment we give ourselves up to God we have no longer any will of our own (I. Corinthians vi, 19-20; I Peter ii, 10), but having our will blotted out with God's will, it becomes our meat and drink to obey Him.

APPLICATION.—God reveals Himself to the heart of a man according to what He wants him to do.

OUR HOLINESS WITNESS BOX.

AN AUXILIARY

Lying Sick in

ST. PAUL'S HOSPITAL, Vancouver, B.C.,

Tells of the Baptism of the Holy Ghost and Fire.

The following is an extract from a private letter, and was not intended for publication by the writer, who is known well enough to us to warrant the using of this liberty. —ED.

TO TELL you the many things that God has taught me during the last two years would be impossible; he has saturated me with Himself and purged away a tremendous amount of gross. He has illuminated my mind with holy light, and a great deal of darkness has been dispelled. He has shown me distinctly that His purpose for me is my redemption—my perfection. I AM SATISFIED that if I am going to heaven to be with Jesus, I MUST BE LIKE HIM—SINLESS. He came to show us the way Himself, and to tread the path over which we must follow. And He did not only for our sins, but to give us. He has dwelt in us, to be our teacher and guide. The whole work is His from first to last, but it is a practical work. He baptizes with fire and the Holy Ghost. We are purified by passing through the Holy Consuming Fire, and we are perfected through suffering.

I have a great love for the Apostle Peter; my experience has been somewhat like his, in learning my lesson rapidly and pressing on toward the mark of perfection, realizing that the work is His, and all I can do is to submit and trust in faithful obedience.

Our experiences are not alike. Some are naturally of trusting, clinging nature; to such the Baptism of Fire will probably be a FLOODING OF THE SOUL with love—life, holy love. But it is not so with me; I still feel the walls and the thorns, but they are not grievous. I have learned to love them as a stony, gracious friend; not murmuring, but rejoicing in tribulation; knowing that in the world it is my lot, and that I shall be brought off more than conqueror through Him that loves me, persuaded that my Lord can destroy the enemies within and keep me victorious over those that are without, and that the end and purpose of everything that happens to me is my good, providing I am trusting in His love and power.



A Light Brigade Story.

BY SAM. U. ELL

CHAPTER L

THE G. B. M. AGENT—A GUILTY CONSCIENCE—A SLEEPLESS NIGHT—A KIND MISTRESS—SHE HAD AN ADMIRER.

"But, really, I have not the time, Captain!" So spoke Susie M.—, in answer to her Captain, who, after a beautifull, God-led soldiers' meeting one night last fall, had asked her to fill a position that had long been vacant in the corps. The emphasis given to the word "really" caused the Captain to look at the full face of the young girl before him still more intently, and as her eyes met his, the crimson flood mounted to her cheeks and suffused her whole face, with a condemning effect, far stronger than words could ever have effected. With a great effort to recover her composure, she repeated the statement, and turned to move away.

"Well, Sister M.—, if you can truthfully before God say 'so, that ends the matter,' and with a "Good night, and a "God bless you," he went into the quarters to announce to Captain X., the Light Brigade P.A., the result of his effort.

Let us pause a moment, and see what had led up to the above scene. For a long time the position of Local Agent for the Light Brigade had been vacant; indeed, it might truly be said that it had never had an occupant. The P.A. had visited the corps some months previous, and had approached the officer then in charge with a view of securing an agent, but, for some reason or other, the

Captain "could not recommend any one." In fact, there is nobody to take it," he had said; "Sister T.—, in War Cry Sergeant, Bro. F.—, is bandmaster, and Mrs. G.—, has a sick husband," and so on, mentioning all those who WERE at work, but entirely forgetting those who were NOT.

THIS CAPTAIN FAREWELLED,

and along came another who loved the G. B. M. box for the work's sake, and who fully realized what a mighty factor it was; not only in raising funds for the Social, but in making friends for the local corps. And so, when the P. A. came along and appealed to him for his help, he rallied to his side, and looking over his soldiers, came to the conclusion that Sister Susie M.—, was the one for the position. This explanation given, let us return to the subject of our story.

After leaving the barracks, Susie wended her way homeward, musing over the events of the evening. She remembered her testimony, how she had told her comrade, as told God—Himself—that she wanted to do all she could to extend His Kingdom, and like Sarah gave the query, "Do you mean that?" With an impatient gesture, she thrust back the thought, and hastened on.

That night, before retiring to rest, she as usual opened her Guide to read a portion, but the words she read failed to bring the same peace and comfort to her as heretofore. She closed the book and knelt to pray. Burying her head in her hands, she sought to utter her petition, but instead of feeling her Father's presence, she saw rise up before her, as it were, a black cloud, which seemed to have written across it, in letters of fire, her utterance of the evening.

"REALLY, I HAVE NOT TIME,"

and underneath, in glaring capitals, and underneath, in glaring capitals, the one word, LIE.

For the first time in three years she rested so bad without commanding with her God—retired to bed, but not to sleep. Four hours she toiled and awoke, seeking in vain for slumber. In horrid spectral form the barrack seems arose before her, and again she heard, as clearly as though uttered

by some living person at her bedside, the hateful words that had branded her—Susie M.—, a professedly sanctified Salvation Army soldier—in the secret recesses of her own heart, at any rate, as a LIE.

At last, wearied in body, after shedding streaming tears, she fell into restless sleep, and again awoke with a bitterness of spirit that she had never before experienced. Pravessely, she descended to her accustomed work, whilst the tempter came to her, instilling into her heart a score of excuses, or "extenuating circumstances."

Let us, as privileged persons, get behind the scenes—get at the back of Susie's brain, and see just where she stands.

Susie was a hired girl, earning honest, respectable living. She was a good worker, and more fortunate than the majority of her class—for she had a kind, considerate mistress—a consistent Christian, a member of the Methodist Church. Moreover, Susie was a privileged character; her mistress had said when engaging her, some two years previously, "I see you are a Salvation Army soldier," as Susie stood before her in

HERE NEAT BLUE DRESS,

with badge at neck, and regulation bosom. "And though I do not approve of ALL your methods, I can see the work that is being done. I know you are expected to attend the meetings as often as possible. You are, however, as liberty to do so. Every evening of the week is at your disposal, excepting Wednesday, which is my prayer meeting night," adding, "and to make up for that evening every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon."

Susie appreciated this very much, and rightly thought that she had indeed got into clover; and, being a girl of good principles—even before she was sent—set to work with a will, showing her gratitude for the kind treatment she received by rendering faithful service.

Having thus seen what time Susie had to herself each week, let us find out just how she employed her spare time. Her attendance at the meet-

ings was as good as could be desired by any officer. She was

ALWAYS IN HER PLACE

on the march, rain or shine; and no one ever thought of taking the end seat in the second row on the platform, because "Sister M—," was sure to be there." Oh, no; nobody could find fault with Susie about her attendance! But what about the two afternoons each week?

On this brings the whole secret of our sister's trouble. Susie was a good girl, as we have already seen, and like nearly all good girls,

SHE HAD AN ADMIRER.

Now, I suppose my readers will at once run away with the idea that she spent her free afternoons with her George. If so, you are mistaken, my friend. Susie was not the girl to be seen walking in daylight through the streets of the town she lived in with her gentleman friend. Oh, no! And, besides, George worked in the tannery ten hours each day, and therefore had to do his courting, as he said, "in odd moments."

(To be continued.)

OUR LOCAL OFFICERS' CORNER.

Secretary Casbin, of Halifax I., Gives a Few Pointers.

It is the privilege of every Christian to rejoice under all circumstances if they will but yield themselves and their all to God, and go forth to perfectly trust and obey Him in all things. Some people think this is too much to do—they want something easier; but it is the easiest, the best, and the only successful way of being what God wants His children to be. It is hard to have victory if the soul is not walking in the light.

WE love God as much as we love one another, and the souls of men and women.

Believe in God. Believe in what He says. Believe His promises to every sinner. Believe by acting upon it, and coming to Him, and receiving of Him what he has promised to bestow upon every earnest seeker.

IF we are Salvationists, we ought to be careful not to grieve God by thought, word or deed, but to be humble, child-like, kind, loving, prayerful, not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, instant in season and out of season.

DON'T grumble; don't gossip; don't speak evil of your comrade, or your neighbor; don't criticize; don't envy one another; don't say you're saved when you practise and harbor such evils. These are some of the reasons why some of God's people are dumb and cannot testify, or pray, etc.



Thus we were almost overcome with laughter when we got the biggest sinner in the town saved.

Naval and Military League.

FIFTY SOULS AT BERMUDA AND THIRTY OF A CORPS.

The monthly letter from Major Lewis reports over two hundred and sixty members of the League. During one month 50 souls were saved in the meetings held at Bermuda by the men-of-war members, and when Ensign Dushray visited the place she found a blood and fire corps of 50 bluejacket Leaguers.



RAINBOW FALLS, at high water, just below Great Falls.

GREAT FALLS

Montana.

S. W. BARBEE WRITES UP THE ARMY IN THAT CITY.

The history of the Salvation Army in Great Falls dates back three years. In March, 1893, Messrs. Oxley and Jackson, of the Helena, Montana, corps, pioneered the work here by holding a series of meetings. Jackson was a reformed drunkard, and for more than a year after the Army corps was organized remained in active co-operation with it, and is now a worker in the corps at Missoula, Montana. Oxley, or, as he was more familiarly known, "Nervy Jim," was a convert from the worst forms of dissipation, including drunkenness, gambling, and the opium habit. The Army found him in Helena a total wreck, and dying by inches, and after days and nights of faithful watching and praying they were permitted under God, to see him again on his feet and a soldier, fighting under the banner of the yellow, red and blue. From some cruse he became disaffected by-and-by toward the people who had done so much for him, and, quitting there, he joined the Methodist Episcopal church, and is now a leader in the pastoral relation in that church. I have heard from his own lips the story of his life and the self-sacrificing work the Army performed to reclaim and save him, and it is a great comfort that the remainder of his life work should not have been among the people who sacrificed so much for him.

The Army corps was organized at Great Falls by Captain Smith and Cadet Miller in May, 1893. Lieut. Lincoln reinforced them about two weeks later. The organization was effected in a frame building on Second Avenue South, but after two weeks a larger hall in the Gore Block, First Avenue South and Park Drive, was rented at fifty dollars per month. Capt. Smith, who was in charge of the corps at this time, had been a cowboy, and his father, a well-to-do rancher at the time of his conversion, tried to persuade him not to join the Army and become an officer thereof; promising him that he would set him up in business if he would comply with his wishes in this regard. But young Smith had made up his mind to be a soldier, and after having been promoted to the rank of Captain, he was, in the course of time, stationed at

Great Falls, and did some fine work in the service of the Master while here.

The corps now was without a leader, and remained so for about two weeks, when Captain Candler and Lieutenant Siegle assumed control. Soon after Capt. Candler took charge the barracks was removed to a place on Central avenue.



FRANK THOMPSON, Great Falls.

About this time a city official was installed who was unfriendly to the Army. Trouble began to be experienced. The city police tried to prevent the Army from marching on the streets. Falling in this, the Chief of Police designated a place where the Army should hold their open air, and fixed a "dead" line, beyond which they should not pass, on penalty of losing their liberty and being punished by fine and imprisonment.

One night in February, 1894, Captain Candler ventured across the dead line, and at once he was seized by

"BIG JOE," A POLICEMAN,

and hurried off to jail. The remainder of the corps, with drum and tambourine, followed in the wake of the policeman and their leader, beating and singing in notes of anticipated victory, until the jail was reached and their loved Captain was put behind the bars. They then returned to their hall and concluded the meeting.

Having learned of the trouble, and seeing the surging crowds pass my place of business, I shut my door and went to the jail and offered bail for the imprisoned officer. The authorities were unwilling to release the Captain, and said they would not do it. I told them I knew

MY RIGHTS AS A CITIZEN, and that every man was equal under

the law. They finally told me that if I would deposit a cash bail the prisoner would be released. I presented this and took Captain Candler out of jail and defended him, and pleaded the cause of the Army the next day before the city court.

WE GAINED A SIGNAL VICTORY for civil and religious liberty. From that day to this the Army has not been unmet, and the City Attorney told me that if they should ever be arrested he would not prosecute them.

A few months later Captain Candler went on a visit to his brother in the State of New York. Lieut. Siegle went to Seattle to rest.

(To be continued.)

WEST ONTARIO

THE CLOSING CAMPAIGN — THE WINDSOR REVIVAL — GUELPH AND CHATHAM VICTORIES — THE TALENT SCHEME

The battle is on. CLOSING CAMPAIGN, the burning question of the hour. Troops in fever heat; every target in danger of being shattered.

THE HALF NIGHT of prayer is London was a time of power. Eighteen sought mercy, or "the second blessing."

WINDSOR IS throbbing in the throes of a beautiful and blessed revival; souls being saved every day. A good break has been made, too, at Bayfield, over 20 souls being captured. Drayton has rejoiced over four.

THE P. S. HAS spent week ends in Guelph and Chatham. Out of four souls who sought salvation at the former, two were husband and wife. At the latter place 12 seekers seek for salvation and sanctification.

The Talent Scheme targets are guaranteed, and THE CLOSING CAMPAIGN is to be brought to a glorious finish, to the glory of God.

CAPT. SECOND did a good stroke on route to her new appointment by collecting \$1 in her Talent Scheme box on the train, and getting a gentleman to take a box, with the proviso that it should be returned with \$5 inside in the near future.

J. E. M.

Home at Last.

"Gathering home, gathering home, Fording the river one by one."



This time the call comes for our comrade, ex-Lieut. Smith, of Lancaster, formerly of the Reaves unit in Toronto, when Mother Thistle was in charge. She was changed here to Stratford Reeves House. Her mother's illness compelled her to return to her home in Lancaster, where she remained till death.

In speaking of her approach death, she expressed her desire that a few lines should be put in the War Cry when it did occur, just to let our comrades know she was still a dear. The funeral was conducted by Rev. Mr. Hamilton, Presbyterian minister, and was attended by Rev. Mr. Thompson, Methodist minister, and was well attended.—Capt. R. H. Tracy.



BLACK EAGLE FALLS, DAM AND UPPER FALLS.

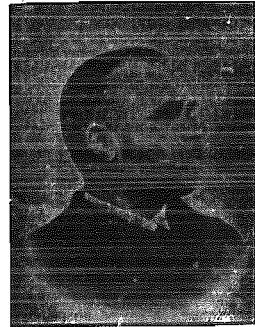
Icelandic Items

FROM

Our Special Correspondent, Capt. David-
son, Editor of the Icelandic
War Cry.

NO SNOW IN ICELAND NOW.

Tis true that we are situated many hundred miles nearer the North Pole than you are, but as I write (4th Feb.) there is neither ice nor snow to be seen anywhere, only on the tops of the high mountains just across the bay. The streets are wet and muddy from the rain last night, while the sun, which is peeping up over the horizon, sends its warm rays in through our windows. "Just like a Canadian spring day," said I to my comrades this morning; only the day is so short, the sun will be down again at 3 o'clock.



Mr. Brown Johnson,
Editor of "Isafold," Iceland's largest paper, and an
ardent friend of the Army.

But although we have now this beautiful atmosphere and smiling nature, still the world—I mean the busy, bustling centre of civilization—seems to have great prejudice against our lonely little island. Especially does it abut in this time of the year. It is now two months and a half since we watched the last mail steamer steam out of the harbor toward the sunny south, and since then we have had no communication with the outside world. The steamer that should have arrived last week is out of sight yet; and it is of no use, though I go up on the hill above our "citadel" every morning and try to catch a glimpse of her looming up over the horizon. No, I can only see the angry waves dashing against the headland rocks yonder.

OUR ICELANDERS' ADVANCE.

The Salvationists have, however, been going about their business during these dark and dreary winter hours. Advances have been made in every direction, souls have been saved, etc.

FEEDS THE HUNGRY.

At Christmas we had a magnificent feast for poor children. The leading paper, "Isafold," has the following to say about it—"A Christmas treat for poor children has never been held here in such a royal and practical style as now (80th Dec.) by the Salvation Army. The officers had hunted up and gathered together 115 of the poorest children to be found within the town limits, and banqueted them in their barracks on Church street, which was beautifully decorated and well lighted, with a magnificent Xmas tree in the centre of the hall, laden with a lot of gifts as usual.

The arrangement, discipline and order was most remarkable. One soldier less was set to command each company of eight children, under a supreme command of the Army officers. A suitable hymn was sung before and after the meal, and then the children marched around the tree with song and music.

"At the close each child received a useful and generous gift of clothing, such as pants and waistcoat, coat and shirt, etc., all cut and sewed to fit, which is a beast proof of the earnestness and affection these people display in their philanthropic under-

takings—although the thanks on the part of the public will likely be the same as before, partly in provoking mutinies on the Salvation troops when they assemble together, with plenty of prejudice from the "better class," so-called."

GOD BLESS THE PRESS.

The editor of the above-named paper is our ardent friend and has been ever since we first landed here. Being a practical, intelligent, far-sighted man, he has fearlessly taken his stand on our side, and in many ways exhibited his interest and sympathy towards the Army.

Our War Cry, "Herapid," is gaining ground, glory to God! So far it is paying its own way, although we have only one corps. It is the best illustrated paper ever published in Iceland. A special Easter Cry is coming.

THE WINNIPEG BOY.

Capt. Davidson has been "rusting." He played out at Christmas, and was put in the corner for a month. Now he is peeping out again, thank God! There are a few other things I would have sold, but there is more "copy" wanting for our own Cry, so I'll have to say "Adieu" until —?

TH. J. DAVIDSON,
Publisher.



"Let the Army have her."

'LET THE ARMY HAVE HER.'

A Thrilling Instance of Social Work in Britain.

Where should she go? She wandered down the crowded streets in a whirl of amazement. Light, color, bustle, the rush of a thousand giddy feet, the hoarse laugh—the half-saw or half-hoar'd these things, but in a sort of dream wandered on. Her very heart was sick. The white blaze of electric lights at the Criterion nearly turned her giddy, and she wandered up and down Regent street.

It was growing late. Decent people were on their way home, and there was a rush of eager from all parts to the wicked centre of midnight London. From the gay upper rooms a crowd of reprobates, in evening dress, some roiling, and caught Mary by the arm. Instinctively she drew back and darted into a bye street, but the problem faced her still: time was speeding. Whither should she go?

For she had never been down that

wicked street before. By a mere trifle, misunderstanding about a teat kettle, she had "fallen out with the master," and left her place at a minute's notice. (Oh, the broken hearts and ruined lives caused by the outcome of petty squabbles!) Oh, the little, peevish spirits that must fight and snarl and growl when the simplest word would equally avail! To spend her money in "seeing the sights" and to find herself homeless and penniless was not what Mary had intended.

Nevertheless, it had come to that. And, as the tall, drunken man at the Circus corner first plucked a superb white camelia from the flower-girls, and then, in a mad, laughing fit, flung it into the mud, Mary shrank into herself and shuddered. Somehow, she felt there might very nearly be a dreadful kind of analogy between herself and the flower.

"Now you're done!" cried Laura; "a pretty figure you are; spoiled your hair, too. Well, you'll soon get another. Here, come along and have a drop of brandy; you look frightened."

Laura was a little girl with dyed golden hair and a large green and black hat. Active, and with a strong vein of good nature, she was a characteristic Piccadilly figure; but Mary, of course, knew her well.

"Come on," she reiterated; "you'll get run in if you're not careful. The

worse for drink, for having but little food all day the alcohol influenced her quicker. With a strong effort to stand upright, she careered into the strong woman's arms, and that person delighted to play the part of a friendly assistant, linked arms, and proposed an adjournment to her villa at St. John's Wood.

"Time, gentlemen, time!" The barman uttered the usual warning, and commenced to turn off the lights. There was a rush of fast people down the street, anxious to secure one last drink before the "houses" closed. In the bustle and scurry Mrs. Mortimer drew Mary aside, and, as the doors of the place were being bolted, whispered to one of the ruffians called "runners," who, ready to carry messages to the night clubs, lounge about the public-houses. "Jim, fetch a cab round to the 'Green Dragon'; I'll be there in two minutes."

Suddenly Laura came rushing through the crowd. "Oh, there you are, are you, Mrs. Mortimer?" she screamed. "You think you're going to take that girl off, do you? But you won't, not a bit of it."

The Piccadilly girl is not always as black as she is painted. There are kind-hearted women in the mud, who, even if they won't pity themselves, will pity others, and Laura was one of them.

"Let her go!" she screamed; "I'll—"

"Move on, here; move on!" shouted the big policeman. "What's up now? Here, take this girl away," he continued, speaking to Mrs. Mortimer, or you'll both get to the station, sharp."

But Laura was determined, and throwing herself upon her foe, would have attacked her with might and main, but that she caught sight of two Army bonnets.

"Let the Army have her!" she screamed.

A crowd had rapidly gathered, for a quarrel and a fight are of interest to Piccadilly. Mrs. Mortimer began to tremble, for several detectives knew her character only too well. She might be arrested and her establishment closed. It would be best to let her prey go.

"Let the Army have her!" reiterated Laura.

Mrs. Mortimer disappeared into the darkness, and the Army took poor Mary home, just in time to save her from a life of untold sorrow.

W. H. H.

DRANK HIS SAWMILL.



CAROUSEL HATE—He drank his sawmill.

A piece of excellent advice is contained in an incident some one tells as follows:

Tom met an old friend, who was formerly a prosperous young Lumberman up in northern Minnesota, but whose bad habits of drinking brought him to a pretty "hard-up" condition, and is doing better.

"How are you?" asked Tom. "Pretty well, thank you; but I have just seen a doctor to have him examine my throat."

"What's the matter?" "Well, the doctor couldn't give me any diagnosis. At least he could not find what he wanted to find."

"What did you expect him to find?" "I asked him to look down my throat for the sawmill and I have had gone down there in drink."

"And did he see anything of it?" "No; but he advised me if I ever got another will to run it by water."

police won't stand much from our sort, and I'm always sorry to see a girl up a tree."

"Up a what?" stammered Mary.

The other girl laughed so loudly that a passing swell stopped to swear at her, but, striking him on the head with her umbrella, and leaving him to pick his hat from the corner, where a dozen willing feet immediately kicked it, she caught Mary's arm and pulled her into an adjacent public-house.

"She's a new girl," said a stout, freshly-dressed woman, reported to be the proprietress of an infamous resort. "I never saw her before, and how that Laura's got hold of her goodness only knows."

"She might as well be Laura as with you. Come now, Mrs. Mortimer, Laura's an kindly-hearted girl as you'll find in Piccadilly."

There was a sinister look on the stout woman's face as she crossed over into the bar where the other two were drinking, but amiably smiling as she nodded to Laura, and offering to "stand drinks," she carefully ingratiated herself with Mary.

"You're quite new here, my dear, I think?" "Quite." Mary was already the

THE COMMANDANT'S PROVINCIAL FAREWELLS.

West Ontario Province,
April 22 to 25 (inclusive).

Eastern Province,
May 9 to 16 (inclusive).

East Ontario Province,
May 17 and 18.

Central Ontario Province,
May 24, 25, June 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.

FURTHER DETAILS LATER ON.



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF
THE SALVATION ARMY
IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and
sanctification of the saved, together with the progress
of the Salvation War in all places.
Address all communications to the Editor, Salva-
tion Army Headquarters, Toronto.

COMMANDANT IN THE WEST.

THE COMMANDANT and our Chief Secretary left Headquarters for the farewell Western tour in capital spirits. Notwithstanding the almost constant storm of misunderstanding and misrepresentation through which our leader has beaten his way since his advent to this continent, he still carries a brave heart and a bright face. As he says, the man who is in the right has God and time on his side, and can afford to leave his reputation in his Master's hands.

As the time draws near for the Commandant's departure the wave of enthusiastic affection for him amongst his own people who know him seems to rise higher. His unwavering adherence to the right is securing its inevitable reward, and as one of the results of this it is probable that the Farewell Gatherings now to be held by our leader around the Territory will eclipse all that has gone before. God grant it! Let those who know God pray that it may be so.

COMMISSIONER J. A. BOOTH'S

Triumphant Visit to Buffalo.

(By wire.)

BUFFALO, N. Y. — Commissioner's first visit to Buffalo most glorious and unprecedented success! Overhead and troops enthusiastically welcomed her at depot on Saturday evening. Red-tops received her meeting at Citadel at eight. Commissioner captured the hearts of officers, troops and friends; stirring spiritual appeal resulted in six prisoners being taken; most marvelous Sunday on record. Morning meeting thirteen souls in fountain; Minnie Hall, biggest building in city, thronged in the afternoon with sympathetic audience; recorded Commissioner warm and hearty welcome; Buffalo people most favorably impressed with her; believe her a woman of God. At night another big crowd at Minnie Hall; souls saved at every meeting. Commissioner exhausted, but wonderfully cheered by great victory. Officers' council Monday a time of wonderful inspiration and blessing. New York State officers, without exception, pledged and their loyalty to General, and earnestly concentrated themselves to God and Salvation Army warfare. Last meeting in Albion church crowded to suffocation; many unable to obtain admission. Commissioner Carleton and Miss Booth gripped audience with intensely spiritual and practical addresses; won over 10,000 with nine souls seeking Christ, making thirty-three for week-end. Brags hand and hundreds of officers, troops and friends

escorted Commissioner to train; all unanimous in asking her speedy return for another visit. We are marching forward. Hallelujah! — Brigadier R. P. Holt.

OFFICERS RALLY

— AT —

PARKDALE RESCUE HOME.

Commandant Goos West — A Story for the 200 Candidates.

TWO NIGHTS before the Commandant left Toronto for the West there was a rally of the officers belonging to and around the Territorial Centre at the Parkdale Rescue Home, for a tea and meeting with their leader.

These occasions are very enjoyable, partly because of the social or family element introduced at the tea-tables, and are a substantial addition to the spirit of Salvation Armyism amongst us, on account of the fluid way in which the Commandant deals with the Army's operations and the

home and family nearly half his time, for intervals of three, four, five, six, seven and eight weeks' duration. He was just about to start on another three weeks' absence, and regretted Mrs. Booth's ill-health precluded her being present with us at that meeting. There were many indications of sympathy at the mention of Mrs. Booth's name.

The Commandant gave an address upon the burning questions of the hour for us Salvationists, which not only held the interested attention of everybody, but drew out our affections to him more fully than ever, as he revealed his heart and the inner workings of his mind.

There were many bright testimonies given, but the story of how Brigadier Jacobs became an officer was one of the most thrilling. The Brigadier said that when his father lay dying he directed him to a particular friend of the family's as one to whom he should turn for any earthly help he needed. The friend referred to was also solemnly adjured to stand by the soon-to-be fatherless boy at any time of special need. By-and-by the Army came along. Young Jacobs was soon in the thick of the fight with them. They had the same spirit as himself, and how, then, could they

OUR

LATEST AND GREATEST Victories.

STARTLING RECORDS OF MIGHTY VICTORIES.

THE GOSPEL OF SOAP—A GREAT SMASH—RECONCILIATION WEEK 13 SOULS ON SUNDAY.

KINGSTON—510.

Hallelujah! The break has come! RECONCILIATION WEEK just closed, winding up on Sunday night with 13 in the fountain. God indeed came near, so that the sinners could not resist His Holy Spirit. Capt. Burrows used all day in the interest of J. S. work. Six of the 13 were J. S. Sunday school attendants. Powerful meetings all day; big crowd at night. Thirteen converts testified on Monday night. Friday night we had a Holiness Convocation in large hall; subject, "Gospel of Soap." Illustrated. A good crowd present and two seeking the blessing; also four seniors forward at J. S. meeting on Thursday. We are nooning the Cry. Eight Boomers at work this week. Mrs. Adjutant Archibald slowly improving—Lieut. Blouin, for Adjt. Archibald.

Kaghan's Challenge to Toronto Temple or Montreal.

We challenge Montreal or the Temple for Boomers—Kingston.

NEPAWA—50.

FAREWELL CAMPAIGN began in dead earnest. Night of prayer; wonderful time. Soldiers on fire. Sinners deeply convicted. Two souls for the week. Hallelujah! — Lieut. Cola Campbell.

ST. CATHARINES—223.

The night of prayer was a real time of consecration for service. A sister who for three years had been a protestant, returned to the fold during RECONCILIATION WEEK, and declared her determination to live for God and follow Him all the way. Comrade determined to have victory.—Josh. Jones, Capt.

LONDON—424.

The two-cent War Cry is a lasting success in London. Sister Little sells a copy a week. Sister Strong did the same. W. Palmer 25, Fred Palmer 25, and keeper 80 people, including a saloon-keeper, subscribe for it. Sisters Suny, Fairy and Howdon command the enthusiasm. The Queen's soldiers at the Military School appreciate the Cross-Souls are being saved. We caroled seven on Thursday night. At farewell meetings Sunday two souls forward. Capt. G. Smith, for Mrs. Richardson.

West Ontario's Latest.

Closing Campaign a Signal Success.

STAFF AND P. O.'S COUNCILS AT
LONDON—NEW APPOINTMENTS
—PROMOTIONS.

TOWARD OUR portion of the CLEANING CAMPAIGN we have run over 200 souls have already been saved; over 50 soldiers recruited; five candidates have been accepted; 200 new G. M. Boys have been distributed; while the Junior Soldiers' effort and the Training Schools have been enthusiastically launched.

WE HAVE JUST closed a two days Staff and two days Staff and Field Council in London.

ENSIGN DOWELL has taken command of Brantford corps and District. Ensign Fox of Palmerston Corps and District, Ensign Creighton of Dresden corps and District, Ensign Richardson of Galt corps, and Ensign Savage of London. "A Move On" is their motto.

LIEUTENANT LONG, Smith and Hale, and Cadet-Capt. Taylor have become Captains. Captain and Cadet Shatto, Capt. Ogilvie and Barker have become full-blown lieutenants.

1,000 NEW SOLDIERS
AND 250 RECRUITS.

OUR LEADER

speaks about a
vital part of the

Farewell Campaign.

DOUBTLESS hundreds never got properly saved because they never came up to the point of willingness to join the Army. Let them be asked straight out if this is not what they feel God leads them to do. While it is no part of our business to be stealing sheep from other folds, it is clearly our duty to look after the sheep who go bleating about the wilderness because God has told them to come into the Salvation Army fold, and they won't.

—The Commandant.

principles underlying those operations as they come under review from time to time in his address. This meeting was no exception to those which have gone before. There was also plenty of fun and frolic, although a deep under-wave of strong, serious feeling was present all the time.

Early in the evening the inevitable new song from the Editor of the War Cry, who was dubbed by the Commandant a star singer, was called for. The Editor said he feared his star was gone out, but he would borrow a few rays from another star, the famous McKernan, topical songwriter in the motherland. The borrowed song went hilariously. Here's a chorus in it:

Oh, what a difference in the morning!
What an alteration in the morning!
New life God gave to me,
And all the world could see
The glorious alteration in the morning!

During his stay in this country the Commandant has been away from his

remain apart? After much prayer, and feeling distinctly led by God to be an officer, the future Brigadier applied to the Army headquarters. Then the friend of the death-bed scene came along. He called to memory the dying man's words, and added, "This is the time when my advice to you is needed; you are about to take a false step."

This was the greatest test that could have come to the aspirant for officehip. However, he did not consult with flesh and blood, but took the matter to God—and became an officer, which step, after events have proved, was the right one.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY followed on with an inspiring talk, after which the Commandant brought the happy and useful meeting to a close.

NEXT WEEK!

Look out for "The Praying Game too Late," a beautiful solo about a Backslider.

EX-CAPT. ARTHUR SLATE has been re-accepted and appointed to Goderich. You'll soon hear of some salvation breezes blowing on the shores of Lake Huron.

Furious Field Fighting — The Farewell Campaign Progresses.

TWENTY-SIX FOR SALVATION.

BAYFIELD CORPS, in the W.O.P., is pushing the Farewell Campaign magnificently. Capt. Louis Secord reports seeing twenty-six people at the pentitent form during the last three weeks. Glory be to God! Capt. Secord is "brewing."

YELLOW AND RED AND BLUE, HURRAH!

BRIGADIER MARGETTS led a very interesting musical dedication meeting at Galt. He gave to God and the Army, Captain and Mrs. Fisher's three children. The little ones were dressed in yellow, red and blue. The people's hearts were touched by the proceeding, and one soul got saved. Ensign Savage led a red-hot farewell testimony meeting. Brother Thomson, of Berlin, and Capt. Mackenzie got dancing happy. On Saturday night a dear drunkard came to the penitent form. God sobered him and saved his soul. He was at knee-drill on Sunday morning. Captain and Mrs. Fisher farewelled, and their old comrades pray God to prosper them in their new field of labor.

LANTERN LIGHT.

CAPTAIN SIMMS visited Point St. Charles on a recent Friday night, and conducted a well-appreciated lantern service.

SALVATION FOR EVER.

THEIR HAVE been some big storms at Freeport, N.S., but the storms have not kept the power of God away, although it troubled the congregations. The night-of-prayer in connection with the Farewell Campaign was one of the most blessed times. Captain Sparks had ever experienced. The soldiers took mighty hold of God, and heaven came near. Look out for news of victory.

SALVATION AND WAR PAINT.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I., is still booming. Meetings in connection with the Farewell Campaign are splendid. Twenty-nine people have sought salvation since the last report was sent from this place. Some people leave the meetings unsaved, but when they get home they are unable to sleep until they yield themselves to God. The cottage meetings are a great help and blessing to those who attend. On Sunday nights the barracks is packed to its utmost capacity. The brass band is doing well. One of the brothers has given paint enough to paint the large hall, and some of the painters are going to do the work. Mrs. Jower has only to ask for what she wants to get it. So says Sergeant Major Clark.

ADJUTANT M'GILLIVRAY THERE. WONDERFUL TIMES at Fredericton, N.B. On Thursday and Friday nights Adjutant McGillivray, and Lieutenant Fleming, of Fairville, led on. Lieutenant Fleming stayed for the week-end. They were powerful meetings. Two persons sought the blessing of a clean heart. Two prodigals returned at night. A salvation cause was indulged in at the church.

NEWCASTLE.

THE INDIVIDUAL whose portrait appeared some time ago in the War Cry, and underneath it is a request for prayer that he might be saved, has, we rejoice to say, got converted. The prayers of God's people are answered. There have also been one for salvation and two for sanctification at Newcastle.

TALKED TO 1,500.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Hargraves visited the Temple on Sunday. The corps is on the rise in every way. The meetings are splendid. Eight souls came to the cross. Four hundred War Cry were sold at the Temple last week. The congregation on Sunday night numbered fifteen or sixteen hundred people.

THE LATENT ABOUT KINGSTON. packed Monday night. Nearly

all the converts of past Sunday night presents and testified to the keeping power of God.

Serious meeting during the week enthusiastic and likely to produce good results in more real, definite work for God's Kingdom. Numbers and spirit of knee-drill improving. One seeker for holiness Sunday morning. Magnificent meetings afternoons and night. Hall crowded. Greatest crowds for ordinary meetings that have been for years. Staff-Capt. Southall gave beautiful Bible reading in the afternoon. At night we wound up with three in the fountain. Talent Scheme going to boom splendidly, too; Montreal and Toronto must look out.

ADJUTANT M. ROBERT,

— OF —

The French-Canadian Work in Montreal,



SENDS GREETING.

My Dear Comrades and Friends,—It is with pleasure that I send you these few lines, to tell you that, although a stranger in this country, I love you with a true affection. Since we came to Montreal we have received many blessings. Thanks to the dear officers who have so anxiously striven to give us a hearty welcome, our weekly meetings in the French hall, as well as the English, have been blessed. We finished up with two souls at the penitent form. Let me tell you that I feel already perfectly at home amongst you. I feel that the Spirit is the same here as in France, and that we are members of our great family. I have fought in France and Switzerland for over ten years. It is in Geneva, where our much-loved Marachele opened fire, that I received my first experience in the S. A. fight. How many struggles and persecutions we have had to face, but also how many victories! Great numbers of people who were walking in the greatest darkness have been brought to the light, and are praising God for a wonderful salvation. Only eternity will reveal all that has been accomplished through the perseverance and fidelity of the officers. And it is with this determination my dear Lieutenant and I desire to lift the banner of salvation high, and Ho who is faithful will not allow us to work in vain. I ask for your prayers and faith, my dear comrades and friends. Our difficulties are many, but with the power from on high we shall be victorious. This welcome letter which we received from our dear Canadian leaders have been a great blessing and encouragement to our souls. Many thanks for your prayers and sympathy.

Affectionately yours in the light,

M. ROBERT, Adj't.



PROMOTIONS—

Captain Hodder, of Children's Shelter, Toronto, to be ENSIGN.

Lieut. Shannon, of Children's Shelter, Toronto, to be Captain.

Cadet Taylor, of Toronto Rescue Home, to be Lieutenant.

Henry H. Booth, Commissioner.

— : THE : —

FRANCO-SWISS FAREWELL.

A Splendid Letter from Commissioner and Marechale Booth-Clibborn to their Troops.

The letter was written and standing in type for the third consecutive paper before the birth of the trouble at the New York headquarters. It would have appeared earlier but that the Franco-Swiss leaders had cast campaigning in different parts of France, and were not available. It was written without any other manifesto having been read in order that it should be an unfeigned expression of personal feeling uninfluenced by any other Commissioner's manifesto.

COMMISSIONER AND MARECHALE BOOTH-CLIBBORN, on receiving orders to furlough, issued to their soldiers in Franco and Switzerland a farewell letter, which is a magnificent testimonial to the faithfulness of the French Commissioners to Salvation Army principles. Here are a few paragraphs:—

Soldiers:—

We have received our marching orders from the General.

Like us, you are soldiers, and will receive this news in the true spirit of soldiers, and in proportion as you will on this occasion show the spirit of universal love, which rises above frontiers and persons. In that proportion you will show that you are animated by the true spirit of warriors of the Kingdom of God.

These circumstances afford us a new opportunity to prove our confidence in our beloved General whom God has placed at the head of this vast organization, and our faith in the efficacy of the thousands of prayers which rise daily to God for him that he may be guided in his decisions. For those who know how much the General is surrounded by prayer, and by those lights which he seeks after consultation with those whom he esteems the most capable by their position and their experience to offer an opinion of value upon any question, whether it be that of direction of leadership of a territory or any other, and whether these officers be those of his immediate Staff, or leaders of foreign countries, for all those, we repeat, we know the strength of our General's decision, the obedience to marching orders is not alone an act of discipline, but is also an act of faith.

It would have been to us an unspeakable joy if Providence had permitted the realization of the hopes of our hearts that we might have been able to consecrate our entire lives to the salvation of souls in France and Switzerland, and there die at rest. But we know God does all things well, and our joy will be to do all His will, whatever that may be.

We love each officer and soldier of those countries with a love that can only be measured by what they cost our Master, our leaders and ourselves, and our devoted helpers in this desperate war. You know the history of this struggle. You know how all the powers of hell were united against us to make our work impossible. You know through what calamities, persecutions, expulsions and imprisonments we have passed, for you have passed through them at our side, and you have been enabled, each one of you at his post, to glorify God in suffering for Him. The God who has led and sustained us step by step since the days of Bea d'Angouleme, where, in Paris, were laid the first foundations of this work under those circumstances of extreme isolation, weakness and difficulties that you know of. He only can understand what is passing in our hearts at this hour.

Finally, prepare yourselves to welcome with great cordiality and confidence those who will succeed us, to facilitate their task by all possible means, and profit by the special advantages which will be afforded you by this double occasion of our departure and their arrival to win souls for God. Save souls! Save souls!

Yours for time and eternity in the indissoluble bonds of divine love and universal love.

Arthur and Catherine Booth-Clibborn.

FROM THE NEW OPENING.

Jamestown, North Dakota.

COLORS PRESENTED — TWENTY SOLDIERS ENROLLED—AN OFFICERS' QUARTERS FURNISHED—VISIT OF MAJOR BENNETT AND STAFF.

JAMESTOWN, N. D.—Ensign MacNamara, the D. O., Adj't. Hawling, and the P. S. visited this new corps. The Court House was kindly lent to us for the occasion. The Adj'tant meeting was arranged to present the colors, and enrol the first batch of recruits. The D. O., who was on her first visit, was also to be introduced. After the introduction of the Ensign, and some testimonies, the flags were presented by the Major. The Adj'tant enrolled 20 recruits under the new flag. It was a sight to be remembered, as the twenty comrades stood in front of the crowd while the articles of war were being read. Thus the corps was formed, and twenty soldiers took their stand for God and the Army. At the close one sinner came to the cross.

The Jamestown people, both saints and sinners, have received the Army with open arms, and have helped the officers freely with their money, also with their good wishes. A fine officers' quarters has been fitted up, although the corps has only been opened a little over six weeks. The future is full of promise.—H. R.

(Crowded out last week.—ED.)

WORK PROGRESSES ALL ROUND—THIRTEEN MORE SAVED.

Since last report thirteen precious souls have found Jesus. Friends are very kind. We have a nice quarters together; the people came to our help and gave us everything we needed. "Oward" is our motto—Capt. Hattie Fisher.

THESSALON'S LATEST BULLETIN.

Victory is ours; two souls on Friday night and live to-night, making twenty souls for the month. Our trust is in God. I do wish we had a drama—Yours in Jesus, H. Fisher.

VALLEY CITY, N. D.

CITIZENS LOVE THE ARMY—TWENTY-FIVE SOULS—BIG CROWDS NIGHTLY.

Arrived here at 3 a.m., Friday, 28th Feb. Ensign Bob Smith, assisted by Lieut. Parkinson, had already begun the attack and captured three or four prisoners. Our troops are grand; half-enlisted nightly. People very kind, furnish quarters. About two-thirds of the population are foreigners, mostly Norwegians. They love the Army, and can come to church every night now instead of once a week or fortnight. Nine have professed conversion this last week, and in all, since opening, about twenty-five have stepped over the line into salvation. God gets all the glory, and we go in to win more souls for Him. Capt. and Mrs. Elliott.

MANDON, N.D.

PRISONERS CAPTURED EVERY NIGHT. We have set up our platform. The Rev. Mr. Dingle, Methodist minister, who is a good carpenter, was the boss of the job; he is a real Salvationist. After we got our platform up and were preparing to leave, a dear old man was in the barracks who had been attending our meetings, and was so convicted he could not sleep. He had come in town to drown his conviction with drink, but he could not, so he came to the barracks and got saved. We soon dropped our tools, had a prayer meeting, and helped him into the Kingdom, praise God!

At night the barracks was packed; deep conviction and one sister surrendered. The people gave us the money to pay for the platform at night, after we was in. I received a letter from a man from the postmaster at FORT RICHLAND to come and have meetings there, but our hall is crowded every night, so that we have all we can do here at present.—M. Ayre, Adj't.



A Novel Idea.

Capt. Seebell has sent to Major Read one of the G. B. M. boxes with a little chain attached thereto, as a sample. With it he has sent a postcard, on which he says that he is having one of these boxes chafed to almost every railway depot and ticket counter in his Province, and the ticket agents are taking hold of the idea in a splendid manner. When the ticket agent shoves up the window and begins to sell tickets he puts out the box, and when the train is gone pulls it in again. Now, ye other Provincial Agents, what do you think of this new and startling manoeuvre? He is also getting them into saloons.

FROM THE PACIFIC.

Newspaper and Funnygrams.

ADJUTANT AND MRS. PHILLIPS—THE CRUSADERS' OUTSHINES SOUSA'S BAND—BUTTE'S ADVANCE—NEW OPENINGS.

We have welcomed Adj. and Mrs. Phillips, and the Adjutant has been in it up to the eyes. Mrs. Phillips has already made a trip through Montana, and had a good time. She took with her a trunk of uniform, especially bounties and dress goods, and has helped a number of our sisters into uniform.

THE CRUSADERS' BAND—AN EVENTFUL TRIP.

The Crusaders received their brand new uniform at Helena, and look like proper blood and fire bandmen now. They gave Great Falls a lift during the Major's visit, and then made a trip through the mining district of the best mountains, where they met with good success, and are now on their way to Marysville, where they will arrange for a proper opening. This will be the third place regularly opened, after the band has done the preliminaries. The first was Lewiston, Idaho, where the band had nine converts, one of which number carried on some prayer meetings, and soon after we opened as a corps there. The second place was Wallace, Idaho, where the boys made the seats and fixed up the hall ready for the officers, who soon followed, and now they will do the same for Marysville.

SOUSA'S BAND NOT IN IT!

Some people in a certain city said that they would sooner hear our band than the renowned "Sousa Band" which had been in that place a few days before. Just wait and watch what the Crusaders' will yet develop into. By the way, if you are a bandman you should apply at once to Major Friderich, Spokane, as he wants some more bandmen.

BOOMING ALONG AT BUTTE.

Butte is booming. Scores of souls professed salvation, and the marches and attendance have increased very much indeed. The new hall there is very small, so that for some time Ensign Edgecomb has had the Auditorium for Sundays, with great crowds and fine order. The band is coming on good.

COLORS FOR THREE NEW CORPS.

Colors have been presented to three new openings—Bozeman, Kalispell and Moscow. All these corps have now a solid fighting force of blood-washed

warriors, and will march on to spread the fame of Gleed's Balm.

DOWN-EASTERS OUT WEST.

There will be some field changes in conjunction with the Commandant's meetings. Two new officers, "wise women from the East," have arrived in the West, and thereby proved their wisdom. Captains Burton and Seeley will go to appointments in Montana.

WALLACE CAN DO IT!

When our Wallace officers made a trip to Murray, a mining camp in the Coeur d'Alenes, the people came out of their houses and clapped their hands. The town turned out wholesale to hear them during their two days' stay.

IF THEY DON'T FAINT.

We are rushing the Special Campaign and Talent Scheme, and in due season, if we faint not, we will send reports again.

West.



Pistol Shots

Fired by G. B. M. Agent of the North-West Province.

EVERY TOWN, without exception, is increasing its box-holders.

A SISTER, at one corps, refusing to take the agency, found herself in the same rut that disobedience puts everyone, and she writes me a few days later:—"Dear Captain,—I feel the Lord has called me to be an agent for the G. B. M. B., and quite a fight for two days about it. I mean to go right in with all my heart," etc., etc.

RAPID CITY is not an overly fast place, but Sergt.-Major Cox takes in 70 miles around, and although he could not get to all his boxes in the short time given him, he handed me \$6.00. God bless him!

CARBERRY.—To get to this place I had a five-hour night drive on the prairie to catch the early train at Brandon for said place. First night, as a drunk was leaving, he fell downstairs, cutting his eye, etc. An S. gets mad and leaves the meeting. Quietness again prevails, when a baby

WHOOPS IT UP.

It gets the floor, and has full possession of the crowd. Thus ends the first meeting, for we had to close down for fear of further outbreaks.

500 MORE BOXES for the North-West Province.

BRO. HENDERSON, of Brandon, has done his best to push the work, and we are sorry that he is leaving us for another Province. God bless him!

CAPT. WALTON has a big heart. With all the responsibilities of a D. O., she can take in the G. B. M. work, and push it.

THE SLIDES of the "Life of Mrs. Broth" are the best yet; so thinks everybody.

Capt. MacKenzie, P. A.

CARBERRY—60.

We have a handful of trustworthy soldiers here that are determined to fight. God's Spirit is working with us. We saw three precious souls crying to God—two of them for pardon, and one for sanctification.—Capt. H. Greenfield.

PETERBORO—350.

We have just closed a good night. Two out in the holiness meeting; also a little boy on Sunday night.—Sergt. Lang.

CALGARY—175.

Lieutenant Hall with us over Sunday, on her way to Edmonton. God came very near in our meetings, and one soul volunteered out from back of hall. Hallelujah!—Lieut. McBride.

MOCOMIN, N.W.T.—55.

Friday night a brother came to Jesus for pardon. Sunday night devil got mad and tried to kick in the door, but failed. Got master still, and put a padlock on door in prayer meeting. Sergt.-Major went through the window, got an axe, and broke strap, and spoiled devil's little racket.—Drummer.

LIPPINCOTT—225.

War Cry change seems a certain success; not much difficulty in selling out. Wednesday Juniors held fort, led by Tambourine, assisted by Sergt. Langdon and assistants; Juniors had a good pitch-in. D. O. away round his district. Sunday afternoon Major and Mrs. Howell led us on. At night good crowd; one junior forward.—One of the 4th.

S. A. TEMPLE—100.

The Holy Ghost is at work; interest on every hand. Souls are coming home at every meeting; lost sheep are returning. The War Cry Sergeant sells 200 weekly. Ensign and Mrs. McLean and the Juniors are keeping things on the move. Amen!—Capt. William Lewis, for Ensign McLean.

DESERONTO—100.

Soldiers getting fired up; crowds and interest increasing; and every week souls are coming to God. Hallelujah!—Lieut. May Ward.

CHATHAM, N.B.—110.

After a stay of over six months at St. John's, V. I., orders came to proceed to Chatham, where we went right in to do our best to get them saved. Hearing the place was filled with backsliders, we set apart all of last week for them. We invited them along, prayed and pleaded with them to return to the fold, but, sad to say, no one yielded. We have faith in God that hard work visiting, and prevailing prayer will bring victory.—Captains G. Allan and Moore; Lieut. Selig.

BOWMANVILLE—120.

Hallelujah!—soldiers proper blood and fire crowd, and, although some of them are aged, they stick to their knees in the prayer meeting. They are also good at remembering the hymns, having kindly supplied themselves with good things. Sunday night a splendid crowd and good ones. A brother who had been a backslider for eight years came back to resume his soldierhood, he having once fought steadily for four years. God is with me.—Ensign Pugh, and better half.

HOLLAND LANDING.

Sergeant Young reports from this compact that on Sunday night four souls were out for salvation. Two of the prisoners gave up their tobacco.

ORANGEVILLE—85.

This corps reports seven souls. Major Byers and a host of visiting officers, Ensign recruits and soldiers enrolled under the flag. Two souls in the fountain at the half night of prayer. Faith runs high for the Talent Scheme target.

YORKVILLE—200.

One soul saved, who takes part in testifying and marching. Riverside Band visiting us for Musical Bazaar. Major Collier had hand Sunday night—Bank and Hanna.

AMHERST—120.

Everybody is happy and rejoicing. Seven souls have been saved. Ensign Creighton gave them a send-off, says the Sergeant-Major.



Mrs. Farnam, G. B. M. Agent at Dresden, Ont.

SYDNEY—150.

Kenneth Ferguson reports five souls on Friday; two on Saturday; two on Sunday. "Happy Jim" Miller and Bro. Cameron, from Dominion No. 1, gave them a hand at pulling in the nets. Ensign and Mrs. Payne and several other officers on hand. Nineteen souls since last report.

BURIN—25.

Reports eight souls in the fountain. Devil's kingdom coming down; God going up. Capt. Gosling paid them a visit.

LIVERPOOL—140.

Captain Perry and his magik hearn paid lately. Barracks crowded out Sunday night. Had a Grocery Meeting for the poor, and got about \$30 worth of provisions. One woman got saved while visiting. A man and his wife knelt together at the pail of form, seeking salvation.

CHARLOTTETOWN—355.

Secretary Ellis reports several souls saved lately. Barracks crowded out Sunday night. Had a Grocery Meeting for the poor, and got about \$30 worth of provisions. One woman got saved while visiting. A man and his wife knelt together at the pail of form, seeking salvation.

GANANOQUE—120.

Just sold "goin' up" to Capt. and Mrs. Walker and Lieut. Norman. They had a grand, successful social, and gave their officers good send-off.

PELLY'S ISLAND—16.

Two souls got saved at a special meeting Wednesday night, and everybody joined in the wind-up to give God the glory.

CRUSADERS' BAND.

Captain H. Morris written from Newhart, Montana, in the heart of the mountains. His band has visited Bonner, Dirksen and Elliston, and then back to Helena. Five souls were saved at Helena. The Major assisted them with the Rescue Meeting in St. Paul's M. E. church, and from there they went to Great Falls, where they had a musical jamboree, with cake and coffee. Ensign Woolam joined the party there, and scouted several towns with them with the idea of opening. Sam Cooley, Bill and Moonie were also visited. In crossing between the mountains they were being frozen, the thermometer being below zero. The Crystals reports snow banks, and such a hurricane as he never saw before.

FROM NEWFOUNDLAND.

A report, without the corps name, says the War Crys are selling every week. They are having a visit from the Major and Sergeants shortly, who are to enroll some soldiers. Wherever they are they are thrashing the devil.



The New Nationals on Bigrigg Street, Eng. Credit: W. W.

District Officers Despatches.**TRAVELS AND TRIUMPHS OF A.D.O.**

(Ensign Alex. McLean, Belleville District)

TWENTY-FOUR SOULS — 20-MILE DRIVE IN A STORM—PIE AND PARSONS.

I have returned home after visiting the corps in the District. At Deseronto we finished up about 11 p.m., after a hard-fought prayer meeting, with two souls, both promising to be soldiers. The next day we drove twenty miles in a blinding snow-storm and after a rough time, plowing through snowdrifts and being thrown out of the rig, we arrived all O.K. Capt. and Mrs. Coate had given up all hope of seeing us that night. The Captain had arranged a Pie Social but, owing to the storm, our crowd was small. After everybody was served with pie, we started off for a good old-time salvation meeting. Before the meeting closed three souls were rejoicing in Christ. At Bloomfield we had a nice little meeting, and something for eternity was done. I have been around the coast considerable, and encountered some rough weather and made some rough passage, but I think my trip to Tweed was the roughest I ever experienced. However, I got there in the same, and we had a nice little meeting. Captain Parsons arranged for a soldiers' meeting the next afternoon, after which we marched and announced the meeting for night. When the hands of my watch indicated to ten minutes to eleven we were engaged in a Hallelujah wind-up and saving God the glory for saving two souls. At Belleville our Sunday meetings were grand; three souls were captured and a good number wounded. Capt. Kenda has arrived to assist us. We can report 24 souls for the District this week.—Alex. McLean, Ensign.

HAT PORTAGE DISTRICT**TEN SOULS AT PORT ARTHUR—ROUTING THE ENEMY.**

The decks have been cleared ready for action at Hat Portage and district. The Commandant's orders are on the field.

Already we hear the report of victory at Port Arthur, in the shape of 10 souls. We have some heavy artillery stationed here. Keep your fire up, Captain; you must go sweeping through the enemy's ranks. Has Fort William been taken by the enemy? No, sir! Capt. Charlton has got a proper never-give-in spirit. Go it, Captain; we'll pray for you. Victory or death!

"All hands on deck, boys! Hero comes Lieut. Bamford, from Keewatin! What's the news, Lieutenant? Have you given up in despair?"

"No, sir! We have got two recruits from the enemy, and one is going to make a proper blood and fire officer." "Do you think you will be able to rout the enemy during this campaign?" "With God's help, we're sure to have victory."

Now what about the corps at Hat Portage? Our motto is, "Never say die till you're dead." Thank God, we are getting the people thawed out. Our guns have been kept going on the fort but not a break have we been able to get, but by continual firing, and never quitting, we are bound to win. The enemy has a very strong position, sir, but he must give way. We are making a desperate charge on him.—Capt. Spencer, D.O.

A SALVATION ARMY EVANGELIST.
SPECIALS AROUND THE SPRING-HILL DISTRICT—A VICTORIOUS CAMPAIGN.

"Amherst!" shouted the conductor; and we landed on the platform at 11 o'clock midnight. Captain Wright's faith had gone down under his徒步. He had been announcing three days' special campaigns, big revival meetings, etc., but the evangelist had not arrived. A bite to eat, and we retired for a little rest. It seemed that one head had hardly touched the pillow, when a noise something similar to a fog-horn gave the alarm that

it was time for knee-drill. A few comrades rallied for a refreshing time. It was a good start. The holiness meeting was a warming-up time. The evangelist was in good trim, and had great liberty. The Holy Ghost came down; hearts were stirred; souls were set on fire; and one wanderer, who had been conquered by the habit and

APPETITE OF TOBACCO,
was set at liberty, and praised God for deliverance.



ENS. GAGE, the Eastern Prov. Chief Assistant.

The afternoon meeting went like wild-fire; the Christians and soldiers all rejoiced and praised God. The Captain did a little dance; the soldiers shouted for joy, and some of the Christians clapped their hands.

We felt burdened for the night meeting, and our hearts yearned for the salvation of souls. The meeting was one of the old-timers. The Spirit applied the burning truths, hearts began to melt, stubborn wills to bend, and before we had got on our knees to pray, one soul was at the mercy-seat. The soldiers worked well, until five had surrendered. The barracks resounded again and again with shouts of praise. The Captain's feelings of disappointment had all fled, and we felt how glad we were to have the privilege of spending our lives in helping to bless poor fallen humanity.

Monday night the soldiers rallied well, and one wanderer returned to the fold, making seven for pardon at Amherst.

At MacLean we changed cars, and were met by Mrs. Ensign Brandy, the better half of

THE FAR-FAMED SAMUEL

Bradley. A meeting had been arranged at Silver Hibbert, in the Union Church. Bro. Theal met us at the station, and with his war-horse Harry drove us to his nice, comfortable home. The meeting was a good one, with the church filled. The people at first felt a little strange, but Mrs. Bradley, with her free, happy style—with her music and song—soon captivated the crowd. One soul sought salvation. The good people here love the Army, and the probabilities are that we will open a circle corps here. The next day we proceeded to

SPRING HILL.

The soldiers' meeting at night was a good one. Our souls were set on fire. Thursday the Ensign accompanied us to

PARRSBORO.

A number of souls have been saved lately, and they are getting ready for an enrollment. Our crowd was small, on account of counter attractions, but we had a good meeting. Comrades, we're behind the times.

THE DEVIL'S ATTRACTIONS

take the crowd. We want more attraction on the marches, and more desperate efforts in the open air to attract the crowd.

Friday night, public meeting at Spring Hill, musical march, and a good lively time. Saturday, accompanied by Mrs. Bradley, we proceeded to

PUGWASE FOR THE SUNDAY.

The crowds were small, but God wonderfully helped us, and the people the Sunday night meetings were moved by the power of God. Two held up their hands, desiring to be saved. The officers and soldiers were blessed and encouraged.—Evangelist.

Worldly conformity is having its zero effects in negating a true spiritual awakening of genuine repentance.

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NEEPAWA—60.

The night of prayer was a success; two out for salvation. One got saved the next night. Two promised God to be soldiers.—Sydney Fleeson.

HALIFAX 1—500.

Captain Kidway and Lieut. Green have arrived. A few souls since last report, and altogether we have much to encourage us.

BARRIE—220.

Victory in the WEEK OF RECONCILIATION. The War Cry all sold out. God gave us a good Sunday of victory; one soul at the cross. We are going ahead in faith.—Sergeant S. Bennett, for Euston Moore.

NEEPAWA—60.

Good day's fight. Four in the fountain, and a lot more in pickle.—Wilkins, Campbell & Co.

GRAND FORKS, T.G.—125.

One soul on Monday night cried to God for mercy. On Sunday evening Ensign Gile prayed that we might have six souls, and Hallelujah! six souls came out and knelt in the pentent form. We are all on fire.—Cadet M. Hammond.

WAHPETON, N. DAKOTA—60.

Ten souls the past week. One man and his wife came out and got properly saved, who said they ought to have come out two months ago. Things are on the rise; crowds good, collections good, and we are making a move among the children; also War Cry go good.—Lieut. H. Petch, for Ensign Lee.

WINDSOR, N. S.—280.

At the half night of prayer, led by Adj't. Gage, a number sought and obtained the blessing of a clean heart. This week seven have been enrolled, and twelve local officers have been commissioned. War Cry sold out.—A. Boggs, for Ensign Galt.

GLACE BAY—200.

The past week three have knelt at the mercy seat and found the Saviour. Last night we dedicated our bass drum to God and the Army. Everybody is getting to love the dear old drum.—M. E. Bennett, Capt.

GRAND FORKS T.G.—125.

Since last report seven souls in the fountains; two hard cases. Ensign Gile was away to Fargo; Capt. Habirk went to Winnipeg for a rest, and Cadet Greenfield has left the Training Garrison for Carberry.—Cadet W. G. Burns.

VIRDFN, MAN.—75.

The devil is getting licked, and sinners are getting saved. Another Hallelujah "fiddler" on the plankton. Since last report there have been six sisters and three brothers out for salvation. Capt. McKenzie, G. B. M., here. Fine meetings. Knee-drill Sunday; twenty present.—Business.

BRIDGETOWN—100.

Welcome to Adj'tant Gage and Ensign Galt. We had a very nice meeting; no one got saved.—Lieut. Olive Clarke, for Capt. L. Bishop.

HOLLAND'S LANDING.

The cottage meeting held at the residence of George Young last Friday evening was well attended. Mr. J. Alex. Moffatt, the well-known Canadian correspondent from Newmarket, was present, and was warmly welcomed. Mr. Moffatt was announced to speak on "Life Behind the Scenes, and the People We Meet" but owing to so much time being taken up in the opening exercises, the Sergeant arranged with Mr. Moffatt to address the meeting on the above subject at an early date. He, however, gave a short address, which was listened to with rapt attention and was very much appreciated. The meeting closed with a rev-hot prayer meeting.—Newmarket Era.

SYDNEY—130.

The S.A. made a raid on Fort Darkness, and brought back two prisoners. Sunday night we cornered the enemy and captured them. "Happy Jim" Miller was with us, and more than damaged the devil's corn-field. K. J. is watching some sheep stealers, and they had better stay in the bush.—Kenneth Ferguson.

A Western Warrior.

Capt. V. Green was stationed at Portage la Prairie nearly twelve months, but has recently been farewelled and sent to the Regina District as D. O. She was assisted by her sister.



CAPT. M. GREEN, REGINA, N.W.T.

During her stay a new brick and stone barracks was built by Contractor James Hatch, the corps' secretary, at a cost of \$5,400. The Mayor, ex-Mayors, two M.P.'s, and other prominent citizens contributed most generously to the building fund; one farmer in the vicinity giving \$80.

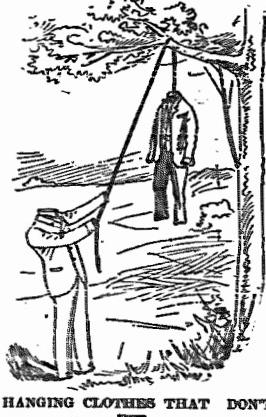
Our hundred souls were saved, and the soldiers' roll was lengthened considerably. Meetings were held weekly in the jail. The J.S. work was organized, and the Company classes set on a solid footing.

Among the events recorded in the corps' history was the great camp meeting last summer, and a Hallelujah Wedding.

Several children were dedicated to the war, and three funerals were conducted. The brass band, of ten or twelve players, was reorganized, and the band-master travelling thirteen miles every Sunday to meetings.

It is no sign that you are wrong because some one wants to cowhide you, or egg you, or mob you, or curse you. You get your standard of conduct and speech from God, and not from men.

I find to be cleansed from sin is one thing, but to be filled with God is much more. I do beg that we may have all that the Lord has promised. Do not tarry my dear brother, run into all the salvation; and may I meet you in one of the first places in Heaven.—Bramwell.

**HANGING CLOTHES THAT DON'T FIT.**

Try the S. A. Tailoring Department next time, brother. Suits \$8.00 to \$20.00.

NOW YOU MUSICAL PEOPLE.—We have a few second-hand instruments, first-class, ranging from \$10 to \$17. These are concertinas, toy organs, and instruments that can be heard half a mile away; suited to your voice. It will save your throat and help you in God's work. Now then, send us your order.—Staff-Capt. Horr. S. A., Albert Street, Toronto.

RUN !

RUN !

RUN !

A Great Surprise !

674-SERUT. MRS. PEARCE-674

Major Howell in Gle—Who Gets the Picture—Where's the Winnipeg Wonder.

THE SEVEN "GET-AWAYS."
(Totals to date for the seven top Boomers.)

Mrs. Pearce, Temple (3 weeks)...	674
Ehama Howlett, Peterboro.....	326
Lieut. Anderson, Great Falls.....	325
Capt. Lamont, Tyro.....	320
Lieut. Brayman, St. Catharines.....	282
Mrs. Beck, Windsor, Ont.....	172
Lieut. Ziebarth, Victoria.....	150

THIS WEEK'S SALES.

Sergt. Mrs. Pearce, Temple (1st week)	254
Sergt. Mrs. Pearce, Temple (2nd week)	200
Sergt. Mrs. Penfee, Temple (3rd week)	220
E. Howlett, Peterboro'.....	170
Capt. Lamont, Tyro (Feb. 29).....	100
Capt. Lamont, Tyro (Mar. 7).....	190
Lieut. Anderson, Great Falls.....	155
Lieut. Ziebarth, Victoria.....	150
Lieut. Baxter, Portage la Prairie.....	185
Capt. Clarke, St. John III.....	120
Lieut. Brayman, St. Catharines.....	124
Sister Blom, Butte.....	117
Capt. Broadbent, Ptg. in Prairie.....	105
Maud Coon, Windsor, N.S.....	100
Nell Gibbons, Riverside.....	100
Mrs. Beck, Windsor, Ont.....	92
Mrs. Barber, Kingston.....	75
Mrs. Beatty, Peterboro'.....	75
Mrs. Beatty, F'ton (2nd wk.).....	78
Cadet Tossell, Spokane.....	72
Ensign Arkott, Brembridge.....	70
Ensign Arkott (2nd week).....	65
Mrs. Benles, Lippincott.....	62
Sister Billows, Spokane.....	58
Maggie Simons, Kingston.....	55
Mrs. Barber, Kingston.....	55
Sergt. M. Wood, Peterboro'.....	52
Sergt. G. Hickox, N. Sydney.....	50
Mrs. Capt. Wm. Fenton Falls.....	45
Kate Kame, Kingston.....	43
Capt. Broadbent, Kingston.....	40
Maud Howett, Kingston.....	37
Sergt. N. Dowling, Kingston.....	36
Edith Bureau, Kingston.....	34
Birdie McNamara, Kingston.....	34
Sergt. S. Dolph, Kingston.....	33
Sister Southall, Kingston.....	33
J. Schurman, Spokane.....	32
Sergt. Mrs. Simons, Kingston.....	32
Mrs. Smith, Peterboro'.....	32
Mrs. Simons, Kingston.....	32
Mrs. Endea V'yno, N. Sydney.....	30
Alice Goulding, Lippincott.....	30
Sergt. M. Hersey, Kingston.....	28
Sergt. K. Allan, Kingston.....	25
Edith Woodward, Lippincott.....	20
Sergt. Wright, Peterboro'.....	20
Sergt. Dawson, Peterboro'.....	20
Sergt. Harrison, Peterboro'.....	15
Sergt. Lloyd, Peterboro'.....	15
D. Myers, Spokane.....	14

DON'T BE ALARMED!

She has THREE weeks' sales to her credit, the others only two. But when the sales of other Boomers are in look out ! Nevertheless, if she maintains her weekly record as far as reported, she may win, as her average is almost 225.

ONE OF THE SFNSATIONS.

One of Toronto's great sights on its crowded streets every Saturday afternoon is Ensign McLean's War Cry Brigade, of the Temple corps. They wear red sashes, and create an uproar wherever they halt.

WILL THE ELEPHANT GO WEST ?

The North-west and Pacific Provinces generally try to run off with all the big things. And will do it in this race? Not much! That is, if they don't look out. Major Howell is the most likely man to capture the Provincial prize, the \$15 picture.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Will any of our Winnipeg pushers please give us some information of the whereabouts of that old-time champion, Sergt. Jessie Hawkirk? Other Boomers are anxious to know if they have her to compete with. Savvy?

STAFF-CAPT. MILIARD, Editor of N. Y. City.

SCRAPS

By the Sam Sorter & Co.



STAFF-CAPT. MILIARD, Editor of N. Y. City.

FROM A BROTHER EDITOR.

Yes I believe Guy is spic. Have thought a long time. Is full of news, dashed up in a readable shape. It is a good thing for an ed.—or to have a high ideal, for if he is hard to please, when he does get a good one, he is bound to like it very well to please others. May the Lord bless you and the Canadian Guy. Amen.

Affectionately yours in Christ,

JOHN MILIARD, Staff-Capt.,
Editor New York City.

—1—

ALFRED HARRIS.—We thank you, sir, sincerely, for your reply to the query: "What has the Army done for Sydney?" The Editor says your report is one of the best he has ever seen in this or any other country.

ARTHUR AUBREY.—Your letter, March 15th, just this thing—was full of news. The S. S. Co. has it much better than ordinary report.

Newspaper cutting, very acceptable. Our Ed. desire to see all newspaper references to the Army, whether favorable, as in this instance, or otherwise.

—1—

A. Bruce, Gulph.—The S. S. Co. thank you for calling the Editor's attention to the remarks of "To Date."

—1—

CAPT. SMITH, Sea.—Your three photos handed in to Editorial Office ready. Thank you.

—1—

THE DOLLAR-WORSHIP FRONTISPICE.

We find from the remarks excused by our dollar-worship frontispiece, that it has given a good cold-fish and knock-down blow against the spirit of evil. Here's what Editor Buchanan, the great prophet-leader, has to say:

"I am greatly pleased with the spirit of the cartoon and the truth it teaches, so well brought out by your comments. I believe, in this cartoon, you have made a very fine contribution to the cause of the Master. Of course, we can go further back and call it religiousness, but almost every social curse is entrenched in the worship of gain—in service to the dollar."

"There is a little cut on page 11 of the same War Cry, "MORE CONCERNED ABOUT CHURCH'S WORD THAN HIS OWN," which strikes me as strong and pointed.

"I am sure you have been reading the news of the days, and it is a sad travesty on the teachings of the Master, whose whole life was a rebuke to the religious conventionalism of his day, and a tribute to concrete goodness."

—1—

STAFF-CAPT. SOUTHLAND.—The Editor appreciates your suggestion for front page immensely. Will put it through if at all possible.



All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no copy will be sent without the express permission of the addressee.

Priority Center should ACCURATE APPLICATIONS.

171. Coffey, Fred. Last heard of in Pasadena, about two years ago. Arrived recently in his place, brother kindly communicates with Mr. Harry Okey, Ogden, Utah, U.S.A.

172. Stevens, Alexander. Left Collingwood three years ago. Aged 20. Fair hair and complexion, light blue eyes, rather broad nose. Mother and wife are said to be from him. Address Mrs. Jane Brown, Collingwood, Ont. American Army Service Corp.

173. Spender, Geo. Alex. Aged 27, height 5 ft. 6 in., fresh complexion, light hair and complexion, blue eyes. Gold ring on left hand and pointed and hooked nose. Last heard of on board the vessel "Joseph," belonging to the White Sulphur Spring Co., Kent. Lost this vessel about 1890, and has gone abroad, probably to Australia. Mother most anxious to hear from him.

174. Nicholson, Geo. Aged about 15, tall, dark. Fifteen years ago lived at Quilch, Shuswap. Brother and sister who like news of him. He never to have gone abroad.

175. Hammans, Charles. Deceased. Believed to have been a large shipowner, and to have died in America. Information regarding Native of Jersey. Will anyone who can give information respecting him please write to the above address.



BILLET OR FAKE

Junior Soldiers' Answer.

The following extract will lead the meeting in connection with the above, at the following Towns:

Alameda—Brigadier General.

Liverpool—Major General.

Toronto—Major General.

Montreal—Major General.

Kingsville—Major General.

St. John—Major General.

Victoria—Major General.

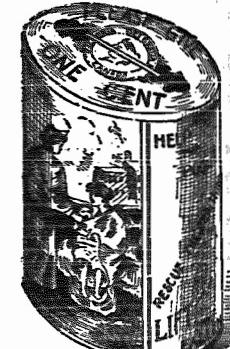
Lippincott—Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Haynes.

—1—

LIGHT BRIGADE

Provincial Agents' Appointments.

NOTE—Local Agents of the G. B. M. Society should visit all their box holders, and have them opened and all things ready for the P.A. when he arrives in their town.



WEST ONE, PROVINCE.

Capt. Sennett (with London)—"Pride of Patch."—"Jesuit's First Prayer," will visit Ingold, March 25, 29; London, March 26; St. Thomas, March 27; April 1; Dundas, April 2; Niagara, April 3; Galt, April 4; Waterloo, April 5; Kitchener, April 6; Waterloo, April 7; Thorold, April 8; Penetanguishene, April 9; Galt, April 10; Waterloo, April 11; St. Catharines, April 12; Galt, April 13; Waterloo, April 14; Windsor, April 15; Kitchener, April 16; Waterloo, April 17; Galt, April 18; Waterloo, April 19; Galt, April 20; Waterloo, April 21; Galt, April 22; Waterloo, April 23; Galt, April 24; Waterloo, April 25; Galt, April 26; Waterloo, April 27; Galt, April 28; Waterloo, April 29; Galt, April 30; Waterloo, April 31; Galt, April 32; Waterloo, April 33; Galt, April 34; Waterloo, April 35; Galt, April 36; Waterloo, April 37; Galt, April 38; Waterloo, April 39; Galt, April 40; Waterloo, April 41; Galt, April 42; Waterloo, April 43; Galt, April 44; Waterloo, April 45; Galt, April 46; Waterloo, April 47; Galt, April 48; 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PALMERSTON BRASS BAND.



1. Sis. Blodgett. 2. Sis. Dixon. 3. Bro. Broughton. 4. Bro. Dixon. 5. Capt. Brant. 6. Bro. Bill. 7. Bro. F. Bridges. 8. Bandmaster Bell. 9. Ensign Dowell. 10. Bro. Blodgett. 11. Sis. Lang. 12. Bro. Hawkes. 13. Ensign O'regton. 14. Bro. Shaw. 15. Mrs. Ensign Dowell. 16. Bro. Tarlin.

The Palmerston S. A. Brass Band was formed by Ensign Maltby. It then consisted of two first cornets, one second cornet, one tenor, one valve trombone, and a circular bass. Only three of the instruments were corps property. The boys were at a great disadvantage, as none of them understood music, and they did not have a regular teacher. However, they

"pumped" away on the old dilapidated horns until Capt. Neate came, and he helped them a good deal.

There was another hindrance—lack of instruments; and just as soon as Ensign Dowell took charge he made up his mind to remedy that the first chance he had.

One day, while visiting, he overheard a conversation. It amounted to this:—that a farmer living a few

miles from here had a set of hand instruments. He went, in company with one of the band-boys, to see the man. The upshot of the matter is just this—that he got a set of 12 instruments, including two drums, for the sum of \$65.

Since getting the new instruments (which, by the way, are worth about \$100) several new players have been added, namely, Sisters Dixon, Lang,

and M. Blodgett, and Bros. Dixon, Hawke and Tarlin. In conclusion, let me say that the bandsmen and women not only play fairly well, but can play well. We are determined to let the devil crawl into our hearts by way of the horn. We have the debt all cleared off, and are in for getting sons saved, and making them into soldiers.—Yours at the Cross, Soprano E flat.

OUR SOLDIERS' ASSEMBLY.

Major Streeto Has a Word.

BEWARE.

DO NOT BE UNCHARITABLE. You do not wish to be thought so, therefore do nothing that would give your actions the appearance of uncharitableness.

If a comrade has wavered, wait! Judge not at the moment; things are not always what they appear to be.

Some one has said, "The one supreme **WRONG** moment in which to judge a man is when the subtlety of temptation or the frenzy of passion is master of him. He is then possessed—**LET HIM COME TO HIMSELF.**" Let him take time to reflect, to reconsider, to go over the ground again, and then in all probability he will see things which before were hidden by some object, perhaps selfish; and you will then find the true man, by the coming to himself. It is unwise to judge men by their actions at a moment when temptation is severe, and when

Did we not thank God for that one who stood by and helped carry our burden? We do not only praised God, showed our gratitude to the one who thus relieved us in that bitter and sorrowful moment—perhaps the most bitter in our career, but we vowed that we would, when an opportunity came, endeavor to help lift the burden of the stumbling one, and if possible lessen the weight of the fall.

Major Streeton.

Knee-Drill Song.

Tune—"Jesus is Strong to Deliver."

First Voice—Why are you backward and timid?

In prayer meetings your voice is still;

Second Voice—I know it is so;

First Voice—Well, say, don't you know

You'd victory get at knee-drill?

Chorus for First Voice.

Come along, then, to the knee-drill, Jesus will there bless you in prayer; Come along, then, to the knee-drill, That you in the blessing may share.

Second Voice—But then I am weak and so nervous In public I never can pray;

First Voice—Oh, I am all vain, you would victory gain

If Jesus you would but obey.

First Voice—Chorus.

Second Voice—But then I need rest on the Sunday—I labor so hard every day;

First Voice—Well that may be so, but then don't you know

The blessing would more than re-pay?

Second Voice—

But then on the cold winter mornings,

More pleasant it is to lie still;

First Voice—Well if you so choose, a blessing you'll lose

By not coming to the knee-drill.

Second Voice—

But then, when I'm tired and sleepy, I would so much rather lie still;

First Voice—Think how Jesus did do, prayed all

the night through—

Then get up and come to knee-drill.

Second Voice—

But then it's so early on Sunday,

You know that's the day we should rest;

First Voice—Christ rose from the dead, can't you

from your bed,

For the sake of your soul's being blest?

Second Voice—

But how could I wake Sunday morn-

ings—

To go, if I did have the will?

First Voice—

Why Jesus so true, by trusting Him to,

Will wake you in time for knee-drill.

Chorus for Second Voice.

I'll come along, then, to the knee-

drill,

If Jesus will there bless me in prayer;

I'll come along, then, to the knee-

drill,

If I in the blessing may share.

(The first chorus will be sung by first voice alone after each verse. Then, after the second chorus has been sung alone once by second voice, both voices will sing their respective choruses together.)

Mrs. L. Colver, Sec., Soprano.

THE FAREWELL CAMPAIGN.

How's the C.P.O.'s Faith?

Prov. Sec. Howell holds out good hopes of his Province in the above great effort. He has apportioned the various corps' goals, and in reply to the query addressed to each F. O., "Will you reach it?" (the goal), has received the following replies:

PARRY SOUND.—Yes.

OSHAWA.—By God's grace.

FEVERSHAM AND LITTLE CUR-

BENT.—Yes.

BEACERBRIDGE.—All but candidates.

WHITEBY.—Oh, yes; over-top.

LINDSAY.—Yes.

AURORA.—Yes, with the exception of candidates, and that's a query.

SHELBURNE.—Yes.

FENELON FALLS.—Can't say; will try hard.

OWEN SOUND.—No; no candidates.

RIVERSIDE.—We will do our best.

RICHMOND.—Yes, sir!

LISGAR.—Will have a try for it.

YORKVILLE.—Have a great big try.

DUNDAS.—With God's help; we will do our best.

ORILLIA.—Aye, aye, sir!

HUNTSVILLE.—With God's help, yes.

ORANGEVILLE.—Yes.

LIPPINCOTT.—Most of it.

CHIESTLEY.—We will try.

GRAVENHURST.—Yes.

TORONTO TEMPLE.—Yes, and more to dare believe.

HAMILTON L.—We are believing for it.

ST. CATHARINES.—I believe we will.

NEWMARKET.—Will do our best.

OMNILOO.—Will do my best.

UNBRIDGE.—I cannot say.

SONGS FOR ALL SINGERS.

Selected and Arranged

BY

Mrs. Major Read.

Tune.—“Praise.” B. B. 143. S. M., I., 152.

1 Oh, glorious hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above!
It bears on eagle's wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain-top
See all the land below;
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow.

A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favoured with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord, our Righteousness—
And keeps His own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

Now, oh my Joshua, bring me in!
Cast out Thy foes, the infidels sin,
The carnal mind remove;
The purchase of Thy death divide,
And oh, with all the sanctified,
Give me a lot of love!

—//—
Holiness Solo.

Tune.—“I'll Follow Thee.”

2 I heard a voice so gently calling,
“Take up thy cross and follow me.”

A tempest on my soul was falling—
A living cross it was to be;
I struggled long, I struggled vainly,
No other light my eyes could see.

Chorus.

I'll follow Thee, of life the giver;
I'll follow Thee, suffering Redeemer;
I'll follow Thee, deny Thee never;
By Thy grace, I'll follow Thee.

The world was cold and vain its pleasures;

My weary heart was always drear;
It heaped on me its smiles and treasures—

I looked, to find its leaf was seared;
And sick and weary—heavy-hearted—I dreamed I saw my help was near.

I saw the poor, the maimed, the lowly,

Look unto Jesus and live;

I felt a wish to be made holy—

I knew that He would me forgive; I stood afar, and hastened onward;

I heard his voice, “My peace I give.”

I heard His voice unto me saying,

“Take up thy cross and follow me;” My heart is thine, now Thee obeying,

Speak out Thy will, dear Lord, to me;

Makè weakness strength, Thy power now giving,

And from this hour I'll follow Thee.

—//—
A Newfoundland Favorite.

Tune.—“I Have Anchored My Soul.”

3 I am resting so sweetly in Jesus now!

I call the wide sea no more; The tempest may sweep o'er the wild stormy deep,

But I'm safe where the storms come no more.

Chorus.

I have anchored my soul in the haven of rest,
I sail the white seas no more, no more;

The tempest may sweep o'er the wild stormy deep,

But in Jesus I'm safe evermore, evermore;

But in Jesus I'm safe evermore.

Oh, long on the ocean my bark was tossed— Where tempests and storms ne'er come! My heart was in fear, and no refuge was near. Till in Jesus my soul found her peace. Oh, how sweet in a haven of rest to hide— No billows of doubt or fear! The ocean may roll, but there's rest for the soul! When the voice of my Saviour is near. —//—

Happy! Don't You Know?

Tune.—“Oh, the Blood of Jesus Cleanses White as Snow.”

4 Once I was deep-down sunk in sin, and wandered far from God; I wandered from the narrow road and from my Saviour's blood; Though deep in shame and sin My Saviour took me in— Now I'm saved and very happy, don't you know!

Chorus.

I'm saved and very happy, don't you know? (Repeat) My sins are all forgiven; I'm on my way to heaven; I'm saved and very happy, don't you know!

Through far away from God I strayed, and would not do His will. There came a day when I got saved, and Jesus filled my soul; With love and joy divine Now I'm happy all the time, For I'm saved and very happy, don't you know!

I'm saved and happy all the time, from early morn till night— All through the week I strive to seek for more of Heavenly light; Such blessing He does give, Such joy I do receive— For I'm saved and very happy, don't you know!

R. C. Goodchild, St. Thomas.

—//—
Free and Easy.

Tune.—“Nellie Gray.”

5 Sometimes I feel discouraged, sore oppressed on every side, And it seems like the victory I can never gain; But the hope I've got within me drives away my doubts and fears, And the devil's plan to trip me is in vain.

Chorus.

I am trusting; yes, I am trusting; leaning on His mighty arm; I've the witness in my heart that He is mine. He will shield me from all danger, He will shield me from all harm; For I know His mighty power is divine.

I am trusting in my Saviour, trusting in His power to save; And I know that He will keep me to the end; Standing on the precious promise, trusting in His power to save, For on Him my hope, my all, my life depend.

I've the victory over doubting, I've the victory over fear, And I've got the precious witness—love divine; And in trouble as in sorrow I've my Saviour always near. For this blessed, blessed Jesus, He is mine.

Capt. W. R. Woodward, Laconia, N.H.

—//—
I'm a Salvation Soldier.

Tunes.—“After the Fighting is Over;” or “Ring, ching, ching; ring, ching, ching.”

6 I'm glad I'm a Salvation soldier, I'm fighting for Jesus, my Lord; I trust Him to lead me safe onward, To conquer through His blessed Word.

Such joy and such peace He does give me.

The world never knew, I am sure; Sweet pleasure and true satisfaction Are mine if the cross I will bear.

First Chorus.

After the Fighting is over.

Second Chorus.

I am so happy, for Jesus is mine—Jesus is mine; yes, Jesus is mine; I am so happy, for Jesus is mine—For I am a child of a King. Ring, ching, ching; ring, ching, ching; ring out the bell.

I'm glad I'm a “Salvation soldier”—The devil don't like it, you know; But my heart is filled with the fire That helps me to conquer the foe. Though often the devil comes to me With trials and temptations so great, Just then I look up to my Saviour, Who freed my poor soul from its weight.

I'm glad I'm a “Salvation soldier”—I've freedom from morning till night; I fight for my blessed Redeemer, Who gives me the heavenly light. Oh, sinner, won't you come and join us? There's room in our ranks, yes, for you; Oh, come, give up all to your Saviour, He'll cleanse your poor heart through and through.

E. C. Goodchild.

—//—
Choruses.—North-West Favorites.

We are soldiers of the Army, we are marching on to war; We don't care what the people think, or what they say we are; We mean to fight for Jesus, no matter who it pleases, And when we die we're bound to go to glory!

A happy day when we get there, Soldiers of the Jubilee; A happy day when we get there, Soldiers of the Cross— I love this pure religion, Soldiers of the Jubilee; I love this pure religion, Soldiers of the Cross!

He has taken my sins away, He's turned my night to day, And now I sing and dance and shout, no matter what people say; He's turned the devil out, I know without a doubt—It's glory, glory, glory, glory, all the way!

—//—
Perth's Three Ex-Boozers.

The first is Brother George Moore, who says:—“I was born in the town of Perth in the year 1850, and was a bad boy from my youth up.



BROTHER MOORE.

“I was a volunteer in 1866; served in the Perth Infantry Company under Capt. Scott (now Col. Scott, of Winnipeg). All this time I was a worthless soldier of the devil's army, but got no pension although I served him faithfully for 20 years; and, getting tired of that, deserted my colors and joined God's regiments.

“I was a very heavy drunkard. I tried the Sons of Temperance, and signed pledges before ministers, but all to no avail—until Bro. Steel got me to go to the Army meetings, which were led by Capt. Temple and Lieut. Blos. There I laid my all at the foot of the cross, where, thank God, the drink and all the other sins rolled away. I did not have to go to Ota-

wa to the Gold Cure, but I thank God for sending the Army to Perth.”



BROTHER STEEL.

The next is Brother George Steel, who was born in the Province of Quebec in the year of 1852. Says George:—“I started out from home at the age of 14, and in 1874 was drilling for military service in Ottawa, under Capt. Douglas, where I got my name changed from Geo. Steel to Indian Barber Devil,” which name I held good against all comers until I met with the S.A., on Oct. 6, 1885, when I came to the cross, and with the prayers of myself and officers and soldiers, became a new man called Brother Steel.

“I was a drunkard and gambler for over 20 years, a slave to tobacco, and many times tried temperance societies, but, thank God, when I came to Jesus, He took the very desire away for the former habits.”



BROTHER WATSON.

The last one is Brother Thomas Watson, who was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1858. He is a first-class carpenter, having worked on some of the largest jobs in Montreal, but lived a hard life, with drink as his curse, until he became a disciple to himself and family. Finally, he saw himself as he was, and came to the fountain at the S.A. barracks on Dec. 9th, 1885, and God has been helping him ever since.—Lieut. Blos.

Persecution: thank God for it! It won the martyrs their crowns; it keeps true Christianity from stagnation. It develops true Christian character. It sends men to God for His power. It shows our dependence on the Almighty.

To be a Salvationist, the soldier must have God in him. To possess God we must be dispossessed of sin. To attack a giant one needs a giant's spirit, not a giant's body. I don't care if the man is a midget or a Samson, the tiny gnat qualifies the soldier of the cross to conquer the stoutest lion. Let us have more hard hitting, comrades; more brimstone and less sugar-candy; more plain speaking and less roundabout yarns; more hatred of sin and more love for the sinner!

THE WAR CRY CONTAINS ALL THE LATEST NEWS OF THE WAR WITH SPAIN AND GREECE, AS REPORTED BY THE OFFICIAL AGENTS OF THE UNITED PRESS.

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